SEE ARTICLE ON "GREECE'S PREPARATIONS FOR WAR WITH TURKEY," PAGE 414.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
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CAMPING ON THE LEVEE—A GROUP OF REFUGEES WITH A STOLEN PIG.

A SECTION OF THE LEVEE WHERE THE WATER COVERED THE TOP ROW OF SACKS.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOODS—TWO SCENES IN FRONT OF GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COOVERT.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

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THE SPRING ELECTIONS.

THE Republican party has met with general disaster in the spring local elections, and there is naturally much speculation as to the reason for what seems to be the present unpopularity of the party that swept the country in the Presidential election only a few months ago. As a rule, this speculation leads to conclusions that are generally satisfying only to the desires of those who reach them. The gold Democrats are inclined to think that the DINGLEY bill has brought about a popular revulsion; at least that the failure to take any steps for the permanent reform of the currency system has made honest-money men hostile to the party which has apparently broken its word to its allies and to the country. On the other hand, the silver Democrats appear to believe that the spring Democratic victories mean that the people at last begin to realize that prosperity can only be restored by the free coinage of silver. The Republicans naturally profess to believe that issues entirely local have controlled in these elections.

It is easy to solve a political problem if one will permit his judgment to be guided by his party predilections; but problems of the kind that present themselves in our day are not susceptible of simple solution. In this year's local elections some wonderful changes of sentiment have seemingly been manifested. In Mr. MCKINLEY'S own State the Republicans have met with defeats which seem to presage the election of a Democratic Senator as Mr. HANNA'S successor. Cincinnati, that gave to Mr. MCKINLEY a large majority, has gone Democratic by a plurality of 7404. Cleveland was kept out of the Democratic column with great difficulty, and there were Republican losses and Democratic gains throughout the State. In Chicago the turnover was still more notable. In the Presidential election Mr. MCKINLEY'S plurality in Cook County was 70,000, and the other day young Mr. CARTER H. HARRISON, the son of the former Mayor of the same name, was elected by a plurality of 78,959, and by an actual majority of 2829. The regular Republican candidate, Judge SEARS, received 58,533 votes, and the independent Republican candidate, Mr. HARLAN, 69,637. Mr. HESING, who was an independent Democratic candidate, received 14,780 votes, so that the Republicans were in a minority of 35,206.

These elections in Chicago and Cincinnati were not the results of simple and easily explained or temporary conditions. It is true that there is a widespread discontent among many who voted for Mr. MCKINLEY with the conduct of the Republican party. The tariff bill is not popular except among those who are satisfied with their share of the grab. Sound-money men are indignant because the money question seems to have been abandoned. In Cincinnati there was a vigorous revolt against an unprincipled Republican boss. In Chicago also there were local conditions injurious to the Republicans. In both cities the Republicans may be said to have been handicapped by being in power, and this brings us to the best explanation that can probably be given of the Republican defeats.

The opponents of the MCKINLEY tariff policy and the friends of sound money cannot reasonably flatter themselves that the people have been pronouncing judgment on these large questions in these small elections. The large questions may have incidentally had some, but not a controlling, influence. Still less can the silver Democrats assume, because Mr. HARRISON is elected Mayor of Chicago, that the voters of that city have suddenly changed their minds on the money question, nor that they have become Bryanite socialists because the Democratic platform denounced department stores. As a matter of fact, the Republican platform was quite as vigorous as the Democratic platform on this subject. On the other hand, the Republicans are not justified in their belief that local causes alone brought about their defeat.

Possession of the offices has always been a party weakness in this country, and of late years the habit of striking at the ins has been growing. In Chicago, for example, we have the following record of Presidential elections, compared in each instance with the local elections immediately following them: In 1876 Cook County gave Mr. TILDEN about 2500 plurality over Mr. HAYES, but in 1879 the Republican candidate for treasurer defeated the Democratic candidate by nearly 11,000 plurality. In 1880 the county gave Mr. GARFIELD a plurality of more than 10,500; in 1882 the Democrats carried it by about 2000. In 1884 Mr. BLAINE had a plurality in the county of nearly 9000, but Mr. CLEVELAND was elected, and in 1886 the county went Republican by about 16,000. In 1888 Mr. HARRISON received 800 more votes than were cast for Mr. CLEVELAND; in 1890 the Democrats carried the county by nearly 7000. In 1892 Mr. CLEVELAND'S plurality was 33,000, and in 1894 the Republicans carried the county by 52,000.

These figures certainly do not indicate that the people are very strongly attached to any particular party. In such a crisis as that of last year they vote on the main issue of the campaign, and they may be said on that occasion to have declared against the free coinage of silver. But their last expression of opinion means precisely what has been meant on former similar occasions. It means that the people are dissatisfied with either party that happens to be responsible for the conduct of affairs. It means that there is unrest and discontent, and that the people have no love for either of the organizations, and especially they have no affection for the bosses of the two parties. The result of every election, therefore, in which there is no such central and well-defined issue as there was last year is not the expression of a preference for any one candidate or set of candidates, but a blow at the particular politicians who are in. The Republicans are in now, and are meeting with the punishment due to their bosses and to the party's lack of comprehension of the needs of the time. If the Democrats were in they would doubtless be suffering defeats in the local elections, and for similar reasons. The situation is very bad, but not so bad as it would be if the people were content to submit for any length of time to either party. It seems as though something better must come out of this swinging of the pendulum from one evil to the other. The country has waited long and anxiously for the rising of some one with the spirit and the training of a leader who will be able to lift us out of the slough, and who will be the organizing head of a party that will deserve to endure because it will be dominated by intelligence and patriotism, and not by ignorance and greed.

ECONOMY, NOT TAXATION, THE CURE FOR THE DEFICIENCY.

THE United States government is rapidly proving the assertion of our critics that a democracy is necessarily the most extravagant form of government. In another way this theory has been implied in the statement that in a democracy the public business is nobody's business. But if this be really the characteristic of a democracy, if democracy must continue to be the prey of private interests, and of the greed of privileged classes, it is a failure at least to that extent. If extravagance is to go on increasing, if Congress is never to give a thought to the general interest, if the taxes are to become heavier and heavier burdens, if our unarmed country is to be as expensive to its citizens as the countries of military Europe are to theirs, the blessings of our form of government must grow to be greater than they are if democracy is not to be proved to be no improvement whatever on the forms of government to which it has succeeded. That the time has come when the people must insist on a revisal of their expenditures is shown by the rapid increase in the cost of government within the last twenty years.

In 1880 the population of the United States was 50,155,783, and the appropriations made by Congress for that fiscal year amounted to $162,404,648. In 1890 the population of the country was 62,622,250, and the appropriations had increased so that for that fiscal year they amounted to $218,115,440. So that while the population of the country had been growing at a rate less than 25 per cent., the appropriations of Congress had increased more than 34 per cent. For the fiscal year 1897 the appropriations will be more than 86 per cent. in excess of the appropriations for 1880. It seems from this as though Mr. MCKINLEY'S earnest plea for economy in his inaugural address had a much stronger warrant in prevailing conditions than the pending bill for the increase of taxation and reduction of revenue.

It is evident that the natural growth of the country has not demanded this increased expenditure, because expenditure has grown at a greater rate than population. It is true that some extraordinary expenditures for the navy and for fortification have been properly made, but these extraordinary expenditures do not account for the total increase. In 1880 the appropriation for the navy was $14,028,469; in 1890 it was $21,675,374, an increase of about $7,000,000. In the same period there was a saving of about $2,500,000 in army expenditure, so that the increased cost of the military establishments in the ten years was about $4,500,000. In 1880 the appropriation for forts and fortifications was $275,000, and in 1890 it was $1,233,594, an increase of nearly $1,000,000. Here is an increase of about $5,500,000 in the appropriations to which the apologists of Congress are accustomed to point as an explanation of what they call its apparent extravagance. But really these items make up not one-tenth of the aggregate increase, which in the decade from 1880 to 1890 was $55,710,792. In 1897 the appropriations for the navy and army and for fortifications exceed those made for the same object in 1880 by $20,118,183, but the total increase in appropriations is $140,381,738. It is clear, therefore, that a comparatively small part of our increased expenditure is chargeable to our new navy and our new forts and guns. For what purpose, then, has Congress so greatly increased expenditures? In the first place, the increase has not been for the ordinary expenses of the government. The present cost of legislative, executive, judicial, and diplomatic services does not exceed that of 1880 by more than $8,000,000. Congress has been economical in ordinary matters, but it has reserved its power for extravagance in expenditures that are not classed as ordinary, that is, that are not necessary for the maintenance of the government.

In 1880 the appropriation for pensions was $56,233,200, and in this was included $25,000,000 arrears of pensions, and $1,800,000 additional pensions caused by the arrears-of-pensions act of 1879. In 1890 the appropriation for pensions was $81,758,700; and in 1897 it is $141,328,580. Here the greatest but not the only extravagance has been manifested. The sundry civil bill has been loaded with public-building and river and harbor appropriations until the bill for 1898 calls for an expenditure of more than $50,000,000. In 1897 it had increased to nearly $30,000,000 from $19,725,000, the sum appropriated in 1880. The river and harbor bill has also grown enormously, although some of its extravagant features have been transferred to the sundry civil bill. In 1880 the appropriation for rivers and harbors was $9,577,495. The appropriation for this purpose reached nearly $19,000,000 in 1883, but no appropriation was made for the following year, and until 1893 the river and harbor bill was generally a biennial affair, although the amount appropriated grew with each bill, until it reached the sum of $25,136,295 in 1891. Since 1892 Congress has appropriated a large sum every year, so that the appropriations for rivers and harbors now made by any single Congress amount to from $30,000,000 to $32,000,000, whereas before 1893 the most extravagant Congress was content with $28,000,000, and before 1889 the appropriations ran from $15,000,000 to $23,000,000. The deficiency bill, now often loaded with private claims that have not sufficient merit to stand the test of separate bills or the examination of the Court of Claims, used to call for $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 annually. In 1892 it had reached $38,500,000, and this year it calls for $14,000,000.

It is clear that there is no need of the greatly increased expenditure which has caused the deficiency in the public revenues. It is mainly due to extravagance, and if Congress will set about the task of paring down appropriations that are wasting the substance of the country, it will be simply doing its duty. To refuse to do this, on the other hand, and to insist upon imposing more taxes in order that there may be more money to throw away on pensions that are not deserved—for every American citizen is glad to pay pensions that are deserved—and in log-rolling river and harbor and public-building schemes, is a crime against the government and the tax-payers for which those who are guilty will some day be compelled to make reckoning.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS'S FRANKNESS.

JOHN J. INGALLS, ex-Senator from Kansas, discloses with cynically characteristic frankness his motive for "accepting a commission," as the phrase goes in the "new journalism," to report the big prize-fight. In reply to certain strictures on his

latest rôle, which he supposed were made by Bishop McCabe of the Methodist Church, but whose real author, it is said, was Charles H. Payne, of New York, secretary of the Methodist Board of Education, the ex-Senator writes:

"Not having the gifts, faculties, and consecration requisite for a bishop, being out of practice at the bar, and business being dull, I have been doing odd jobs on the lyceum platform and for the press. I talk and write, as you preach, for money, but my opinions, convictions, and judgment are no more for sale than yours."

The cynical frankness of this confession by Mr. Ingalls that "odd jobs" are his only resource since his forcible ejection from public life accentuates the meagreness of his equipment for the leading position which once was his. Brought face to face with the realities of the struggle, Mr. Ingalls has found that a genius for rhetoric is but a poor makeshift. That artistic vituperation fetches a small price in the competition for bread-and-butter earning must be set down to the credit of a world not over-scrupulous in what it pays for.

The fact of the confession carries its own comment on the kind of men that may rise to high station in American public life. It is fresh illustration of the American tendency to overrate, in politics, the tongue in comparison with the head. Imagine an English statesman "out of a job" "accepting a commission" to report a prize-fight!

SEALING AND ARBITRATION.

It is particularly annoying that we should be put in the wrong before the British public upon the question of pelagic sealing, because essentially we are in the right on that question, and it is Great Britain which is in the wrong. What Mr. Foster has gone to London for is to arrange a *modus vivendi* between the two governments upon the sealing question that will also be very literally a *modus vivendi* for the seals. Unless something is done, it is plain that within a very short time the furseal will be as extinct as the American buffalo. The seal is in imminent danger, first, because the Paris award did not amount to an efficient measure of protection; and secondly, because the British government has not in good faith attempted to enforce even such a measure of protection as the award did provide.

The exclusively British industry of dyeing and preparing seal-skins for market is as important, one would say, as the predominantly Canadian industry of pelagic sealing, which is what threatens the continuance of the species. But it is not so importunate, and accordingly the course of the British government has been determined by the demands of the Canadian poachers.

We have a perfect right to complain of this, and the case which Mr. Foster has in charge is essentially a perfectly good case. The more is the pity that we should by our own action and inaction have converted it into a very difficult case. For Great Britain has in relation to this matter an outstanding claim against us, the validity of which the Paris tribunal affirmed.

In a previous and more famous arbitration, in which a like decision had been in our favor, Great Britain loyally discharged the liability which had been decided to be hers. If the subsequent history of the *Alabama* claims and of our efforts to satisfy the individual claimants does not form a pleasing chapter of history, that is not the fault of Great Britain, which did what the tribunal to the decision of which she had acceded in advance said she ought to do. But when the case was reversed, and the decision was against us, we did not show the same prompt acquiescence in a verdict to which we had submitted ourselves in advance. The Executive Department of our government, indeed, showed a disposition to do so, and offered, in satisfaction of all demands, a sum which was acceptable to Great Britain. But the Senate, at the instigation of the cheerful Senator Morgan, refused to appropriate the money. This fact gives the British the right to resent any further negotiations on the subject which do not begin with making good our default. The phrase is not diplomatic, but if the British government voiced the sentiments of the British people on the subject, it would probably admonish us to "pay up or shut up."

The bearing of this incident upon the discussion of a general arbitration is only too plain. The British journals point out that the general treaty would be of no use, since we could not be trusted to abide by the results of it. One of them points to our failure to carry out the Paris award, as "another lesson on the weakness of arbitration," and another as an illustration "how small respect Washington feels for arbitration." The worst of these taunts is that they are deserved. It seems to be as well understood in London as in New York that the fault in either case is not with the people of the United States, nor with the Executive Department of our government, but with the Senate, which misrepresents the people. But that does not help matters at all. If we allow ourselves to be misrepresented by a body which insists upon nullifying awards when they go against us, and which emasculates treaties having for their object the peaceable settlement of all disputes, that is our affair. Other nations must deal with our domestic situation as they find it. When a Briton considers, in connection with the behavior of the Senate (which is the behavior of the nation) in the matter of the Paris award and in the matter of the arbitration treaty, our insistence last year that his country should straightway submit its dispute with Venezuela to arbitration, he has a right to bewilderment if not to indignation. His bewilderment will be increased if he happens to recall that the message of the President calling upon Great Britain to arbitrate was the only act of his term that commanded the enthusiastic adherence of our remarkable Senate.

AN URGENT NEED.

The sound-money Democrats of New York have taken steps toward the building up of a permanent organization. It is in the highest degree desirable that all the Democrats who in the late Presidential campaign opposed Bryanism should, without delay, follow this example in every part of the country. The sound-money Democrats rendered the republic an inestimable service by making the defeat of free coinage and repudiation possible at the last election. They have now an opportunity to render a service equally great, or even greater; and it is their duty as patriotic citizens to do so.

To those who regard the salvation of the country from financial chaos and dishonor as the most important object before us, the present situation cannot but appear extremely dismal. That the Republicans in Congress are doing everything to provoke a violent and overwhelming reaction is recognized even by the more sagacious among their own leaders. It is no less certain that this reaction will redound to the exclusive advantage of the Bryan Democrats if they remain the only great opposition party in the field—which would mean the decisive triumph of all we fought against last year. That triumph will be greatly facilitated by the present rainbow-chase of the administration after international bimetallism—the sending forth of a delegation of American Pickwickians to consult with European Pickwickians about the realization of the inconceivable. This might be looked upon and enjoyed as an amusing comedy, did it not involve a practical admission by the party in power that the silver men are more than half right, and so strengthen their conclusion that if their panacea, the remonetization of silver, cannot be attained by international agreement, it should at least be tried by means of free coinage in the United States alone. Thus the administration is hatching chickens which inevitably will come home to roost.

Neither will any sensible person delude himself with the belief that, if the money question be left in a precarious state a high tariff will alone be sufficient to bring on general prosperity, that this prosperity will disarm the discontents at present existing, and that then a large majority of the American people will be found anxious to keep in power the party to whose policy that prosperity is due. Indeed, every candid student of our history will admit that this country, so abounding in material resources and in productive energies, has had periods of prosperity, and may have them again, under any sort of tariff. It might be in a measure temporarily prosperous, after a long term of depression, even under so absurd a tariff as that fathered by Mr. Dingley, if the other parts of the economic system were in a healthy state. But who is there foolish enough to expect that general business enterprise and real prosperity can revive so long as the danger of a great monetary revulsion, with all its concomitants of repudiation and bankruptcy, hangs over us like a dark storm-cloud? Without a certain confidence as to the future there can be no active spirit of enterprise and no healthy business development. Immediately after the Presidential election there was an awakening of that confidence, because everybody expected that the party in power would be prudent and faithful enough at once to devote its whole ingenuity and strength to the solution of the monetary problem. But the disappointment of that hope has nipped the renascent confidence in the bud. The belief has since grown up that the party in power considers it more urgent to give the manufacturers high protection than to give the country a sound monetary system. Even if the Republicans honestly meant to take up the money question some time, every day lost now—and time is being systematically squandered—will make the accomplishment of a satisfactory measure more and more difficult and improbable. The future, therefore, appears as threatening as ever, perhaps even more so. How, under this condition of uncertainty, apprehension, and distrust, business enterprise and prosperity should have a general revival, whatever our tariff rates may be, it is hard to see. We cannot thrive under the influence of incessant fear and the consequent nervous prostration.

A sweeping reaction against Republican rule is therefore eminently probable. We may take it for absolutely certain, unless something unexpected, something incalculable, intervenes. Under such circumstances it is of the highest importance that the American people be in some way relieved of the dire alternative between protection-mad Republicanism and silver-mad Democracy. This relief can, as things appear at present, be furnished only by a national organization of the sound-money Democracy as it was represented in the last campaign by the Indianapolis convention. The platform put forth by that convention was one of the clearest, wisest, and most elevated in sentiment this country has ever seen. The candidates nominated by it were irreproachable. The men composing it were manifestly animated by a spirit of patriotic devotion, and in that spirit they and their followers fought for the sound-money cause, with no thought of personal reward or personal sacrifice, with no aim but the public good. Such a party commands respect even from its opponents. Its appeals to reason or conscience will carry far more moral weight than the pleas of the ordinary self-seeking partisan. Such a party cannot fail to be a power as soon as it properly asserts itself.

It is true the number of sound-money Democrats appeared small in the election returns. But it was by no means so small in reality, for it is a well-known fact that very many, probably a large majority, of the sound-money Democrats voted directly for Mr. McKinley, in order to give their votes the fullest effect. They will now eagerly rally around the Indianapolis banner as soon as it is raised as that of a national party. And not only they. There are multitudes of citizens who for many years have acted independently in politics because they could agree with neither of the two great parties as to policies or as to methods, but have long desired to identify themselves with an organization that would honestly represent their principles. Nor will recruits from the Republican ranks be lacking if those in power continue their present course; for the number of Republicans who, although dissatisfied, remained with their party only because they did not know where else to go, will prove surprisingly large as soon as they find an organization thoroughly trustworthy and congenial to them.

A party organized upon the Indianapolis platform will therefore by no means be a mere forlorn hope. It will be from the very start, and continue to be, a great political force in the country if it fulfils certain simple conditions. It must faithfully preserve its identity on the basis of the Indianapolis platform. It must sternly resist every temptation to form any coalition with the Populist-Democracy for the purpose of gaining some local or temporary advantage in the way of office. Wherever it holds the balance of power it must inflexibly present to the "regular" Democrats the simple alternative of defeat or return to sound-money principles. It must zealously push forward the work of organization all over the country, so that when, eighteen months hence, the time for a new Congressional election comes, it may be ready to nominate a candidate of its own in every district. It should do so, no matter whether there be any prospect of local success or not. It may elect members enough to wield the casting vote in the next House of Representatives.

A party organization upon such a basis and with such a plan of action is one of the most urgent needs of the present political situation. Even Republicans who are prudent men will hail its coming with gladness, for they are sadly in want of an opposition that is not a mere bugbear, but consists of men of principle whose word has moral weight. The sound-money Democrats may thus exercise a powerful and salutary influence upon the destinies of the nation, and possibly become strong enough in time for the next Presidential election to avert a great catastrophe.

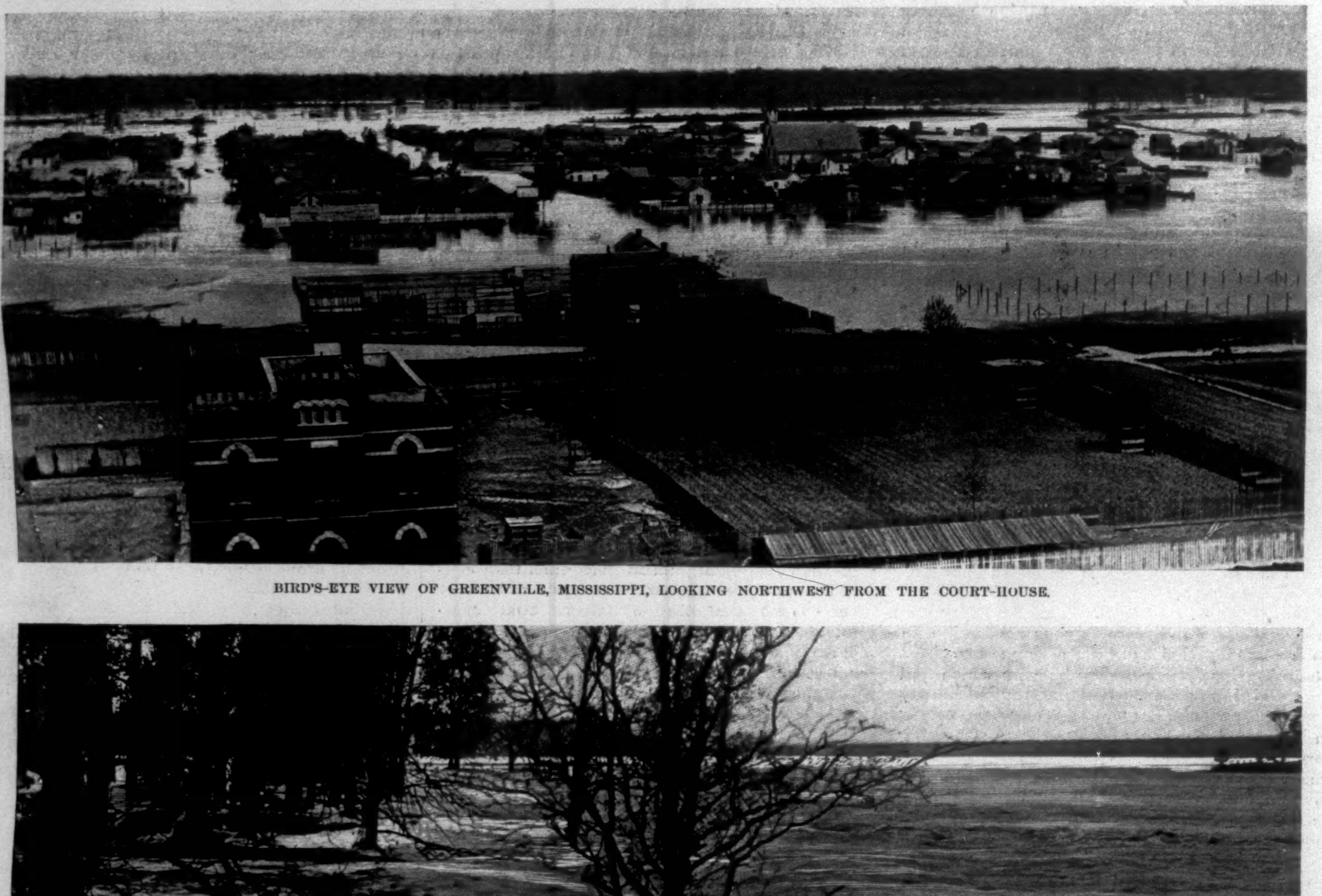
Carl Schurz.

A BIT OF MOUND CITY, ARKANSAS.

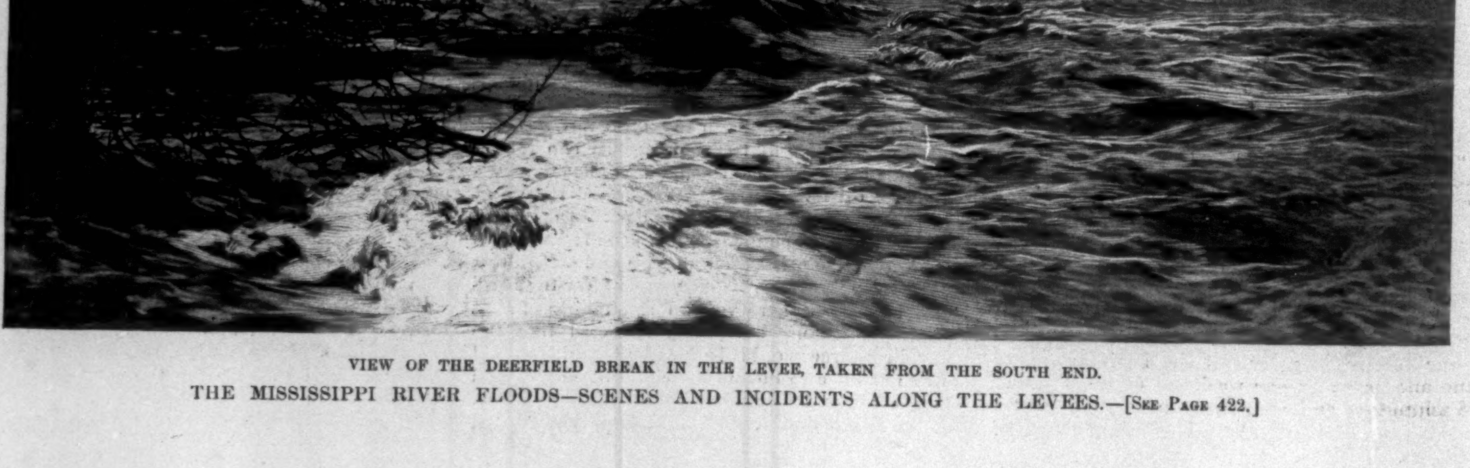
A PLANTATION NORTH OF THE DEERFIELD BREAK.

LOOKING NORTH FROM GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, SHOWING PLANKS AND SACKS USED TO INCREASE THE HEIGHT OF THE LEVEE.

MARION, ARKANSAS, SIX MILES BACK FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



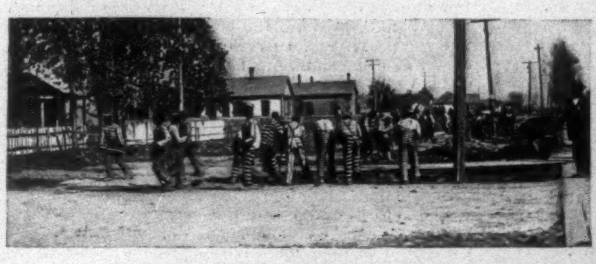
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM THE COURT-HOUSE.



VIEW OF THE DEERFIELD BREAK IN THE LEVEE, TAKEN FROM THE SOUTH END.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOODS—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ALONG THE LEVEES.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

VIEW IN WEST MEMPHIS, ARKANSAS, OPPOSITE MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.



CONVICTS WORKING ON A PROTECTION LEVEE IN GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

THE LAST TRAIN OUT OF GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

A LEVEE OUTFIT ON A PLANTATION ABOVE ROSEDALE, MISSISSIPPI, CAUGHT IN THE WATER FROM A CREVASSE.—From Photograph by Coovert.

REFUGEES WITH HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS CAMPING ON THE LEVEE NEAR GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.—From Photograph by Coovert.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOODS—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ALONG THE LEVEES.—[See Page 422.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT would of course be interesting to know whether any of the stories about the appearance of an air-ship at various points in the Western skies are true, but there seems to be no better way of finding out than to wait for such news, or such a cessation of news, as may be convincing. The air-ship as a practical invention is believed to be so nearly ripe that a story of its appearance in the sky is not necessarily to be received with disrespect. Since Professor Bell reported to the French Academy that he had seen Professor Langley's steam-bird fly, we must consider that air-ship stories are good until disproved. That some of the recent tales are mere inventions is probable of course, but that all of them are hoaxes is as hard to believe as the stories themselves. In a well-known New York newspaper, dated April 14, were special despatches from Illinois and Michigan, one giving eye-witness reports of the sighting of the air-ship in the former State on the previous Sunday afternoon, the other telling how the ship blew up near Kalamazoo on Sunday night. Both stories may be true, but the latter one sounds least probable. The stories have been pleasing and harmless. They have excited no one to an injurious degree; they have not affected stocks, and they have given a pleasant variety to newspaper readers weary of distressing rumors about the Dingley tariff, the Greater New York charter, the war in Cuba, and the prevalent difficulties in Crete. After reading a dozen of them, all careful as to details, eye-witnesses, and minute particulars, one is still uncertain whether or not any one has seen an air-ship. This uncertainty is not due to any lack of precision in the newspaper reports of the statements of observers, but merely to an appreciation of the difficulty of telling the truth about ordinary matters, and of the increased difficulty as to matters extraordinary. Meanwhile confidence in the inventive capacity of the American citizen is profound, and whether these air-ship stories are true or not, it is justified. If they are true we have invented the ship; if they are untrue we have invented the stories. In either case we are a remarkable people.

Senator Bernard F. Martin, of New York, has introduced a bill into the Legislature to suppress department stores. It is stated to be similar to a bill which has engaged the attention of the Legislature in Illinois. It prescribes certain groups of merchandise which a single merchant may deal in without a license, and certain other combinations for which a license is required; all groups not specified it forbids. For example, the proposed law provides that a merchant may sell dry-goods without asking permission; he may sell dry-goods and carpets, provided he can get a license, but he cannot sell dry-goods, carpets, and books on any terms. The immediate practical result of such a bill as this of Senator Martin's will doubtless be that the department stores will each open a new department devoted to legislation. Nearly every one hates the department stores in theory, and finds them convenient in practice. They tend to diminish the tribute paid to the middleman by the consumer. The middleman, who has been used to deal in a single group of commodities, as books or meat, does not like to have his commercial throat cut by the department store. Neither does the consumer altogether like it. He sympathizes with the bookseller or the market-man, but in the end he usually goes where he can get the most for his money. It is the consumer's crude human eagerness to get as much for his money as possible that makes it somewhat doubtful whether retribution will ever overtake the department stores in this world. There is economy in them, and economy excuses more sins than charity itself.

Two men of note have died this month in the middle West. Time was when we should have spoken of both of them as Western men, but what was the West thirty years ago is no longer Western, and nowadays when we speak of a man living this side of the Mississippi River as a Western man, we hesitate, and then stop and explain. Senator Voorhees certainly began life as a Western man, for he was born in Ohio in 1827, and Ohio at that time was about as far West as most people cared to venture. In his infancy his parents took him to Indiana, which was a trifle more Western than Ohio, and there he grew up and got his schooling, graduating in 1849 at what was then Indiana Asbury University. He practised law in Covington until 1861, when he went to Congress. Between then and 1873 he served five terms in Congress. In 1877 he succeeded Oliver P. Morton as Senator, and he continued in the Senate until the 4th of March of this year. He was a fiery person, with a fine presence that earned him the nickname of "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," and a ready flow of excellent language, which was liable to grow exceedingly spirited at moderate provocation. Inasmuch as he never at any time showed any prejudice in favor of sound money, it was a curious thing that it should have happened to him to overtax his waning strength in efforts to secure the repeal of the Sherman silver bill. As nominal leader of the Senate in the Fifty-third Congress, he undertook to support the demand of the administration for the repeal of the bill. It was repealed at last, but Senator Voorhees never got over the strain of that fight. He died in Washington on April 10.

Orrington Lunt, of Chicago, who died April 5, became a Western man comparatively early in life, but, unlike Voorhees, he was not Western born. He was born in Maine as long ago as 1815, and lived there twenty-seven years, and inherited his father's store in Bowdoinham. In 1842 he sold out the store and went to Chicago, finding there a small city of less than 10,000 inhabitants. Work was scarce, and he came home again, but returned in the following year and settled. He started in business as a commission and grain merchant, and grew up and prospered with the city. He was prominent among the men who founded the Northwestern University in 1853 at Evanston, and was a generous friend of that institution, to which he gave $100,000, and a library which cost as much more. All his life he was a noted Methodist, very liberal in his gifts to churches, and in his devotion of both money and personal service to educational, charitable, and religious interests. It speaks well for Chicago that so benevolent, worthy, and pious a man could have lived for fifty-four years undistracted by her turmoil, and ended with such honor so exemplary a career.

The New York Botanical Garden has nineteen Patrons, who have each given it $5000 or more in a single lump; seven Fellows, who have each given $1000; and 443 annual members, who pay $10 a year. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is president of the garden, and the lists of the officers, managers, and members of the corporation are extraordinarily rich in brilliant examples of solvency, sagacity, enterprise, piety, and erudition. Its farm is at the northern end of Bronx Park, and it would make a seasonable errand for any one with time to spare to go up there and see how the Botanical Garden grows in this fine spring weather.

A reader of the WEEKLY writes from Iowa to say a number of complimentary things about American papers and magazines, and incidentally to suggest that there seems to him to be nothing as yet in this country which quite fills the place occupied in England by *St. Paul's* and *The Sketch*. That may be true, and yet give no opening to a prudent paragrapher for comment. Surely no conscientious man would care to be responsible for the suggestion that there is room for a new species of illustrated periodical in this country. If there is a small vacant share of public attention for which no periodical at this moment clamors, let us leave it for manners, just as children are taught not to sweep the last crumb of pie from the dish. It will be time enough to meditate on the possibility that there is a working chance for a *Sketch* after some irrepressible Western innovator has come to New York and started it. Pretty much everything that is new in New York nowadays in journalism and the allied trades seems to come from the West.

The lovers and defenders of the "old brick row" at Yale find scant solace in President Dwight's latest report. North College, the Lyceum, and South Middle are the only relics of the Row that remain. As to the two former, the President thinks "their permanence scarcely possible," while as to South Middle he temporizes by suggesting that in due time buildings that now are new will have become endeared by association to living graduates.

Mr. George William Curtis is nowhere better remembered than at Cornell University, where the Curtis debating clubs are a constant memorial of him. In an address at a recent meeting of these clubs, Professor Wilder said that "about a dozen of the Easy Chair essays in HARPER'S MAGAZINE so nearly cover the more vital questions of hygiene, courtesy, and morality that they might well be gathered into a volume entitled *Ars Recte Vivendi*." Professor Wilder especially commended to college undergraduates the essays on Extravagance at College, Brain and Brawn, Hazing, The Soul of the Gentleman, Theatre Manners, Women's Dress, Lothario Condemned, Secret Societies, Tobacco and Health, Tobacco and Manners, Duelling, and Newspaper Ethics. He thinks that familiarity with Mr. Curtis's sentiments on these subjects would tend to elevate undergraduate behavior in many desirable particulars.

The bad penny is not the only thing that turns up, as appears from two inscriptions on the fly-leaf of a book which has been brought to the attention of this department of the WEEKLY. The inscriptions are both in the handwriting of the author of the book. The first one reads:

To —— ——, Esq., from his fellow (pool) Player. —— —— ——.
June 22, 1893.

The second, in fresher ink, runs:

To —— ——, Esq., this little book, picked up in a second-hand bookshop, with renewed assurances of the author's regard. —— —— ——.
April 15, 1897.

The New York Free Circulating Library asks for all the books and magazines that can be spared by families about to move. The Library has observed that people who are on the point of moving, if it is only into the country for the summer, part eagerly with accumulations which at other times they are loath to spare. It wants the books and useful reading matter of persons whose hold on mundane things has been thus temporarily loosened. On receipt of a postal card sent to its librarian, Mr. A. E. Bostwick, 226 West Forty-second Street, it will send for any books that are offered.

The ruction in Indianapolis over the three-cent car fare is interesting. The fare has been cut down by the Hoosier Legislature, and at this writing the Indianapolis street railroad company refuse to carry passengers at the legal rate. One of the interesting questions of the day seems to be, who owns a railroad, anyhow? The Indiana Legislature has as yet made no abatement of the price of bonnets or children's shoes, though many honest people in Indianapolis feel that the current asking prices for those necessaries are extortionate and unsuited to the times.

Certainly the Legislature of this State ought not to be behind the Hoosier statesmen in providing for the comfort of citizens. No doubt we shall live to see a two-cent postage-stamp legal tender for a street-car ride anywhere within the limits of Greater New York. Meanwhile it would afford a good deal of temporary relief to an oppressed class if Senator Mullin or Senator Martin would introduce a bill making it a misdemeanor in cities of more than five hundred thousand inhabitants for any female citizen more than five years old to board any street car in which there is not a vacant seat. At present, whenever a grown woman enters a street car in which all the seats are occupied, each male tenant of a seat must either give it up or admit to himself that his manners have sunk to the metropolitan level, and that he is no longer ashamed to sit down and see a woman stand. Either of these alternatives is distressing, and certainly the law ought not to permit so painful a choice to be forced upon law-abiding male citizens. None of the existing devices for saving one's self-respect in street cars without sacrifice of one's personal comfort is entirely satisfactory. The best plan of all is doubtless to fall into deep sleep the instant one gets a seat; but even the carefulest sleeper is liable to be carried past his street or to have his pockets picked unless he opens his eyes now and then, and the moment he opens his eyes, of course, he sees an opportunity for the practice of humane manners. It is astonishing how large an altruistic opportunity a New York street railroad company can afford to sell for five cents.

Can you explain, so that a child can understand, why water puts out fire, or why some young squash-plants bring their shells out of the ground and others do not? Can you show the difference between a leaf bud and a fruit bud of an apple, or tell where all the house flies come from? Probably you cannot; probably you don't know. The chief clerk of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, Ithaca, intimates that he knows, and says that such matters may be made very interesting to children. Parents and teachers who send him their names will get information as to the assistance which the College of Agriculture at Ithaca has undertaken to give, free of cost, to persons who want to distribute knowledge of this sort among the young.

Senator Mullin's anti-tights bill is reported to have evaporated in committee, and little boys may go swimming this summer as usual. Senator Ellsworth's bill to prohibit newspaper portraits of unconsenting citizens of New York State has been so amended that it begins to be doubtful whether enough of it will pass to do either good or harm. It has been changed, very properly, so as to permit New York statesmen to figure in political cartoons.

Bazin's roller steamship that was to travel sixty miles an hour can go twelve miles an hour already, and is but a few months old. Just how much more speed it may develop is uncertain, but the present prospect of velocity is not good. M. Bazin overlooked something, and discovered when he came to make his trial trip that the rollers of his vessel would not revolve anything like as fast as he expected. More steam-power means more weight, and that involves too deep an immersion, so the inventor finds that there is still something vital for him to invent before his hopes can come true.

St.-Gaudens's monument to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, which is to stand on Boston Common, is to be dedicated on Decoration day. The foundations are now being completed. The monument is thought by critics who have seen it to be one of Mr. St.-Gaudens's most successful works. It shows Colonel Shaw on a horse at the head of his negro troops (in profile).

If any man has it on his mind to be a hero, let him take advice and if possible be a Boston hero. New York is a large and unscrupulous city, which, if it needs a hero for purposes of local decoration or for any other reason, will go out and ring one in from somewheres and make a monument for him. How much real sentiment she ever had about him is matter for discussion. Boston heroes, on the contrary, are usually home-grown, and if by some chance Boston happens to appreciate them, she does it with enthusiasm and affection and persistence. She has idolized Colonel Shaw for thirty years and more, and really means all this monument will say about him. After all, there are some compensations about not being a metropolis.

One unusual circumstance will attend the author's reading which Miss Lilian Bell, of Chicago, will give in Association Hall (Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue) on April 26. She will be introduced by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, who is guaranteed to be the hero of one of her novels. Miss Bell is going to Europe to spend two years. She is the author of *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid* (Harper's), *The Under Side of Things* (Harper's), and *From a Girl's Stand-point* (Harper's: now in press). Her story in which Parson Dixon figures is *A Little Sister to the Wilderness*.

Dr. James Hall McIlvaine, formerly co-pastor with Dr. Van Dyke of the Brick Presbyterian Church, has flopped, and is now an Episcopalian. One of the esteemed daily papers put over this news the head-line "He changes his creed," but really it was not so much his creed that he changed as his clothes. It is not much of a flop from the Presbyterian to the Episcopal Church so far as creed goes, and it is usually felt to involve a development of taste rather than a change of heart.

At this writing the preliminary examination of Captain Reed, of the scurvy ship *T. F. Oakes*, before Commissioner Shields, is still unfinished. The *Oakes*, it will be remembered, came into the port of New York, after a prodigiously long-drawn-out voyage from Hong-kong, with a crew of dying sailors, who were with difficulty nursed back to life. Several had died at sea. Public interest in the *Oakes* has not yet died out, and it is generally felt that if Captain Reed is really responsible for the terrible condition of his men, he should settle with society as far as possible while still in this world. He seems safe to be thoroughly tried, which is all that law-abiding landsmen can ask.

The fact that Mr. Labouchere, of *London Truth*, was one of the Parliamentary committee which overhauled Mr. Cecil Rhodes has not hindered *Truth* from speaking with entire frankness of Mr. Rhodes and his personal characteristics. "My impression of Mr. Rhodes," *Truth* says, "is this: In his opinion almost all men are to be bought, and he has never lost an opportunity to provide himself with the means of buying them.... He is not intellectually great, and he is not likely to do anything great, because, unlike Napoleon—to whom his admirers and toadies compare him—he does not work out the details of any scheme he wishes to carry through.... What Captain Kidd was to the captain of one of the Royal Navy vessels he is to statesmen.... Looking at him and listening to him, I was a good deal reminded of Buffalo Bill. As a man of intellectual capacity he disappointed me. As a strange, reckless sort of political Buffalo Bill, I was somewhat taken with him."

All of which is both entertaining and edifying, and illustrates how the trades of the paragrapher and the legislator may work together for good. It may seem to an American reader somewhat too much like a juryman talking over a case in public during the course of the trial, but that doesn't make it less interesting.

E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

April 3, 1897.

Mr. William Archer contributed a few months since to the *Fortnightly Review* an article on "The Blight of the Drama"; which, as it seemed to me at the time to offer a capital text, I regret to have missed the right occasion for speaking of. This leaves me crudely confronted with melancholy facts and yet unsupported in the still more charmless office of noting and expressing them. It leaves me in other words just nakedly committed to remark that everything appears more and more to point to a definite renunciation on the part of the English theatre of any attempt to make, in Europe, even ever so little of a figure. It is not indeed that Europe seems to heed or to care or to be ever so faintly interested: nothing could well express the absence of reverberation on the Continent of any performance or any production of any kind on any London stage. There are dozens and dozens of stages and thousands and thousands of shows; but the white cliffs of Dover continue to constitute, to the east, the rigid limit of their appeal to the civilized consciousness. The German theatre is generously devoted to Shakespeare; but the cases in which either one of those that we have so often laid under contribution—the French, the German, the Scandinavian, let alone the Spanish, the Italian, the Slav—has borrowed or translated or adapted, or in any degree appropriated, a contemporary English play are so rare as to belong practically to the rosy realm of fable. To the west, of course—fortunately for these communications—it is a very different matter: America has all the air of being as candidly agog as the rest of the world is candidly averse. Let me find in this circumstance such countenance as I may for saying, with never a hand held out nearer home, that if the drama round about us is, in Mr. Archer's phrase, at the present hour perhaps more than ever blighted, I have never seen more light thrown on the mystery than by two accidents, of recent occurrence, which, however, have, so far as I know, attracted no general attention. One of these indeed is of the sort that may come and go a thousand times and make no one the wiser unless it happen to have brushed an irritable critic with its wing. It was to be seen, then, a few weeks since, in a hundred newspapers and with the particular look of what is called, I believe, inspiration, that Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell had, for the entertainment of the public, definitely made up their minds to incarnate respectively, as they had long desired to do, Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. That was all, and it may to the superficial mind seem so little as to cause the superficial mind to ask, like Oliver, for more. But I can scarce begin to tell you what the irritated critic may see in it. He sees simply something that would not have been conceivable in the newspaper press of any other country. (I speak always of course of the Chinese Orient.) The Lord Nelson of whom? the Lady Hamilton of what? Neither in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna nor in Rome could the official intimation of an opportunity of interpretation for a couple of players, of an eminence however colossal, have taken a form so artlessly—so touchingly in its artlessness—exclusive of any mention of a link connecting their irrepressible genius with the perhaps even still greater names to be invoked. Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton may well, together, in their historical intensity, form a subject for the capable poet; but the only thinkable one for the capable, or even incapable, actor is, to my sense, the one the playwright offers him. There is a certain little process which, however trifling it may seem, is simply the whole of the affair, and Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton are a possibility and a play only in so far as such an intervention may be so good as to make them so. The "blight of the drama" is surely complete when it may appear a mere detail that in such a connection the core of the matter is not so much as mentioned. We have thereby—and the picture is droll enough—the actor and the actress communing straight across the ages with the irreducible elements of their make-up. The announcement would have been anywhere else an announcement of the dramatic opportunity and of the source—in the form of somebody distinct, even to somebody's loss, both from Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Forbes Robertson—to which a grateful public was to owe it.

There inevitably came, in the case I glance at, a day when the play had to be named, the connecting link, the dramatic span of the dizzy space, to be in some sort recognized as the practicable bridge. If these things had not been mentioned sooner this was doubtless perhaps, in some degree or other, because they were not inordinately mentionable: yet if *Nelson's Enchantress*, at the Avenue, justified, on production, almost any disposition to have treated it as a prize for silence, the incident itself, tiny as you may think it, showed with peculiar precision how the wind is blowing. I at all events cannot help seeing in it a massive moral, a prodigious lesson. The drama verily is blighted when the drama is dropped. Though dropped, I grant, from no great height, it may well die of the fall, so that our next business with it shall be merely to bury it. *Nelson's Enchantress* is, I believe, already buried, and I have no wish to hover, unkindly or indeed to hover at all, over its grave: I pause there but long enough to catch a faint, brief echo. I hate to let anything pass that may form a contribution, however small, to my favorite exercise and study, that pursuit for which I can devise no better name than the collation of authorities. These authorities are simply the voice of to-day and the voice of yesterday, and the amusement in question is the effort to bring them into some sort of—I won't say definite agreement, but traceable relation and neighborhood. The diversion consists in sounding them again at each other, as it were, and listening for what they may have to say. To each other they have nothing indeed, but are as mum as members of a family who cut each other dead. The explanatory speech is for the critic, if the critic can puzzle it out. It is ten to one he cannot, and to call it explanatory is in fact to flatter it grossly. The repudiation, on either side, of all connection with the establishment over the way is not accompanied with any attenuating grace. Lest my image appear obscure I hasten to remark that what I speak of is nothing but the old story of the two great publics—read at this moment in the light projected upon them by the artistic career of the actress named above. For the public of the other day, the public of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, the talent of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in that play triumphantly associated with the principal part, revealed itself, if the general voice be ever the measure, as supreme and unapproachable. Deafening were the acclamations that surrounded it for the whole career of the piece. But *où sont les neiges d'antan?* The public of Mrs. Tanqueray is what I have called the establishment over the way; the establishment on the hither side is of course the same public in a different mood, or say even only confronted with different work—that is with *other* work—from the same producers: the same public, at all events, blank as to any connection with any opinion at any other time expressed or any enthusiasm at any other time delirious. It commits itself, the first of our authorities, up to its eyes; while the second, on the same question, remains abysmally obscure. A talent, an artistic temperament, is, in short, in one light infinitely distinguished; in another its highest office is to produce, on reference to it, the stony stare that asks what the deuce you mean. What the deuce you mean is simply that a distinguished talent and a great proficiency don't change at that rate from one occasion to the other, and that the many-headed monster can therefore not plead high intelligence or even common perception on both occasions. On which does it decide that its intelligence shall have been darkened? To come back to the pastime for which I just expressed my relish, the game here is to wait for its answer.

While we wait—and we shall wait long!—I may go on to say that the second of the two straws I picked up at the beginning of these remarks, testifies, though much the larger, proportionately not much more to the direction of the breeze. There towers, at the moment I write, above the passer in the Haymarket, a structure massive and ornate, though still unfinished, which is labelled on a commensurate scale, and in commemoration of the historic site it partly occupies, as the house presently to be opened by Mr. Beerbohm Tree under the name of Her Majesty's Theatre. The striking thing in this connection is the impassable gulf that appears to yawn between the interest taken in Mr. Tree's building and the interest taken in Mr. Tree's repertory. The two curiosities would appear to have some common ground, but the latter, for the present, is completely obscured by the former. It is only in London, I think—unless it be also in New York—that an edifice of this character scales the skies without suggesting in any quarter an audible allusion to what is to be done in it. Mr. Beerbohm Tree may of course have up his sleeve a repertory of the first order, he may take his stand upon traditions piled up as high as his house; I confess it meanwhile an effect of a turn of mind perhaps too speculative that, from the street, the bricks and mortar, the uplifted cornices and pinnacles, show a complacency into which we must wait awhile to read a meaning. There is occupation for the interval, fortunately, at the Criterion and at the St. James's, where Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero have just produced new plays. There are many ways of looking at a work of art, and the way we take, in a given case, is sometimes more imposed on us than chosen. It was therefore, I may say, not in my own discretion to resist the particular manner in which *The Physician*, Mr. Charles Wyndham's production, affected me, nor the degree in which it led me to wonder how far Mr. Jones's relation to *his* centre of resistance had been deliberate and how far beyond his control. It is rudimentary, of course, to grant your artist in the way of subject, whatever he chooses to ask; just as you don't dispute, or discuss, when you dine with one of your friends, the motive of his hospitality. What you may dispute, what you may discuss, is the quality of his dinner, which is the particular form the hospitality takes. The subject of *The Physician* is the history of a great London doctor. He falls, at the height of success and from one day to another, so madly in love with a young lady who comes to consult him about her *fiancé*, that he throws up his practice on the spot and goes down into the country to devote himself to the object of his passion. She lives in a pretty parsonage with the parson her father, who represents, you will more than suspect, the element of comedy; and the young man to whom she is engaged is a leading light, a bright agitator and speech-maker, in the great cause of Temperance. This young man is afflicted with a malady at some of the symptoms of which we cease to wonder only when we have discovered, through the unerring *flair* of the doctor, that concomitantly with his public career he has long carried on the practice of secret and desperate drinking. The parson and his daughter have, like the rest of the world, never dreamed of his duplicity; but the enamored *medico* is placed by the knowledge of it in the situation which forms the theme of the play and which, instinctively, the spectator looks to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones to treat. This situation is the doctor's predicament, his dilemma; call it, if we will, his temptation, his struggle and his resistance. He is so mad to possess the girl that an easy way stares him in the face: he has only to reveal to her the private turpitude of her lover and she will infallibly fall into his arms. She does so, of course, in the last act, but by ways remarkably devious.

The quarrel the spectator may have with these ways is not, I hasten to explain, that they *are* devious, for if the devious is not always the dramatic, the dramatic is on the other hand not inveterately the direct. It is not even that they are eccentric beyond what he may find acceptable: it is simply that they are not *presented*—which is what I mean by my reference to Mr. Jones's ambiguous relation to his subject. The subject had something, doubtless, at a pinch, to give; though it strikes me as dealing most with those things of gradual growth, of which the meagre theatric form, so brief and so bare, is usually but a rough expression; but this was only on condition of following it up and squeezing it. Mr. Jones may, I think, be said to have let it persistently alone; and the question we ask is whether he has done so by irreflection, or by a refinement of that æsthetic curiosity which sometimes leads an artist almost wantonly to multiply his difficulties. Has he wished to see, for technical amusement, if a play *can* be interesting with something else offered in the place of the idea on which it rests? The subject of *The Physician* is essentially a relation, the growth and development of one—that of the great doctor to the lovely girl for whose sake he has broken his life in twain. It is even more particularly his relation to *her* relation, that is to the tie that binds her, and above all to the object of that tie, her mendacious and hypocritical lover, who is on the verge of *delirium tremens* without her guessing it, and in the sight of her intercourse with whom he finds from day to day both fresh flame for passion and fresh opportunity for a departure from professional discretion. This was the relation that it seems to me the author's theme enjoined upon him to put before us, and yet he has done that so little that there is scarcely a moment in the piece—after a first meeting in the first act and a mere gleam in the second—at which we see the hero either in combination with his mistress or in combination with his rival. Least of all do we see him at any instant in combination with the two together—a situation from which I should have expected to see Mr. Jones draw the best of the few effects that his *donnée* may have been held to promise him. The line he has taken reduces him to the single one of Mr. Wyndham's merely describing, with a good deal of ubiquity, to other people, what we might have if we only could. Why and how the hero is so far gone there is much too little to show us; and the result of that is an imperfect entrance into sentiments of which we have not had the vision and of which we fail to embrace the cause. The case is infinitely interesting for the light it throws on the penalties paid—exacted sooner or later, to the last turn of the screw, by the outraged muse—for every deviation from the letter of the artistic law. The consequence of the construction of a part for Mr. Wyndham that shall place Mr. Wyndham in relation, practically, to nobody but Mr. Wyndham himself—the consequence of this curious *tour de force* is that Mr. Wyndham never seems, from beginning to end, to be anything *but* Mr. Wyndham. It may surely be regarded as the golden rule of real evocation that, if it takes two to make a bargain, it takes no less extravagant a number to sustain an action. Therefore it is that I speak of *The Physician* so much less as a work with a subject than as a subject without a work. On these grim terms, indeed, how am I placed for speaking of *The Princess and the Butterfly?* Mr. Pinero's new drama, which is in five acts, and begins at 7.45, to end at 11.30, makes on the stage of the St. James's a series of beautiful pictures of the contemporary "interior," in the form, at least, in which unlimited pecuniary resources enable this feature of our manners to show. But what sort of a picture does it make of the idea from which it starts? That amounts to asking how the subject is treated. To tell you, however, I must first make up my mind what it is. Perhaps I shall have done so the next time I have occasion to speak of it.

Henry James.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

When the Metropolitan Opera-House direction arranged its prospectus last autumn for the season of 1896–7, it ought to have wooed Zadkiel to edit the pamphlet with such dark hints and marginal comments as that minor prophet might have had in stock. The final touch of disappointment and of public surprise has come into the disturbed story of the season. Last week brought the brief "supplementary" five performances. With them came the announcement that the operatic furnishers of next winter were not likely to be the theatrical and musical firm of Abbey, Schoeffel, & Grau, whose contract with the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company (the owners of the building and the direction of its policy) could not be renewed on terms satisfactory to the latter organization. Since the death of Mr. Abbey, the partnership still retaining his name has been arranging matters with its creditors. But its present capital and prospects are not now on a basis that disposes the managing-ownership of the Opera-House to commit their season to it for another year. Doubtless Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, & Grau, or some new adjustment of that firm, will continue in theatrical enterprises (including their care of the Tremont Theatre in Boston); but their operatic purveyance with New York ceases, and the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company are at liberty to make what new arrangements seem good to them for next winter. It is stated that the lessened capital of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau is due especially to losses sustained by the recent outside and Western tour of the opera company since February. From city to city, as Wagner's Siegmund sings, its "misfortune followed it." The New York season had been carried through, *mirabile dictu*, with something of a profit, in spite of all the winter's share of adverse accidents. It was the tour that brought the deficit.

At this writing, in fact, it is not easy to decide how our next year's opera will be farmed out. Mr. Maurice Grau, personally, has the cordial and deserved confidence of the Metropolitan's directorial gentlemen. Mr. Grau is spoken of as unwilling to take the responsibility of the season as his private enterprise. It is stated that the Messrs. de Reszke, Madame Calvé, Madame Melba, and Madame Eames are not desirous of singing here next season. With such a general defection of the great stars of past years Mr. Grau is reported as unwilling to enter on a New York season. That, individually, his hands would be the most natural and acceptable ones into which it could be committed by the Messrs. Haven, Baker, Bowdoin, Iselin, Juillard, and their associates is generally felt in the company. Possibly matters yet may so shape, but they do not yet tend that way obviously. Various rumors and cross-rumors, as usual, give a fine chance for conversation of the through-your-hat kind. Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Seidl, Mr. Mapleson, and several other outsiders, have been spoken of as possible pilots of the official season of 1897-8. The question of the Opera-House Company managing their own season directly and not by a deputized impresario (its course with such success for seven years of opera in German) also is bruited. But the accuracy of ideas on those old and new possibilities can be taken now with great reserve. If Mr. Grau yet can and will make an individual arrangement with the Board of Directors and get what singers he requires, it is likely that that simple outcome, indeed clarification, of many tangles of the past and present will be reached. Perhaps he cannot do so, at least not immediately. It must, however, be remembered that the official season of the Metropolitan Opera-House and its guaranteed subscription is not a thing depending on a manager, or on a handful of singers, or on other details of a prospectus. It rests upon the attitude of the Directorial Board, at the back of all things; upon their views of opera in the Metropolitan as a social and musical necessity. It depends upon their ability and generosity in supplying the subsidy that abroad would come from the city's treasury. In these practical

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY AND MUSEUM, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

considerations they are not likely to be indifferent or cramped.

Let us suppose that a man has written very noble verse, painted great pictures, or hewn statuary worthy of the Parthenon; that he has marked himself as composing the sort of music to take hold upon the finest and severest critical apprehension of his time—in short, that he has defined the creative work of his life in art as only to be measured by the purest and loftiest comparisons. Such a happy mortal surely can afford to scorn "popularity" in its ordinary aspect. Such as he can snap ten fingers at being chattered about, or strummed in philistia, and chromolithographed for the big department stores. John Webster and John Milton and Goethe and Browning and Tennyson and Matthew Arnold—theirs is not just the sort of literature that the reading-room of the clubs thumbs to pieces; and certainly the Hermes of Praxiteles is not likely soon to become as saleable as something by Falguière. Johannes Brahms has quitted this world of music and mortals. With his death, at sixty-four, comes not only the feeling that Germany and Austria have lost their greatest symphonic musician since Schumann passed—perhaps it were better to join to Schumann's the names of Beethoven and Schubert—but that the highest musical intellect and temperament in the world since Wagner died is something shut away from us. Schumann died in 1856, Wagner's death came at Venice in 1883, Liszt died in 1886; and now Brahms is gone.

It is not worth while to compare Brahms with Wagner. There is too little in common between them except their mastery of the technical in art. Brahms's whole point of view in music, and his conscience in music, and insight and aim in music, were at variance with that genius in opera and music-drama who, until 1883, was his most eminent contemporary. Brahms belonged to the Extreme Right. Wagner was of the Extreme Left—and they were nothing if not in opposition. To class Brahms we must revert to the loftiest workers of the long golden age of German musical supremacy in symphonic and lyric utterance, now given place to an age of pewter. We must speak of Bach and Beethoven and Schumann at the least. Not necessarily of Liszt; for the thought of Liszt, brilliant, at times vividly suggestive, was too allied to incoherency and to sentimentality, and even to charlatanry. Brahms lived, personally and creatively, apart from that, of all else; aloof from men breathing comfortably in that kind of atmosphere. His station, his air, was that of music's mountain heights, full of dazzling sunshine, taking in great masses of lights and shadows, looking out beyond low, commonplace art-levels, over music's littlenesses and the trivialities of the hour. How he grows on one as he is heard and studied and felt! His quartet of noble symphonics—that speak to the heart as well as to the ear, if ever a symphony can do so—his other orchestral *chefs-d'œuvre*, his mighty choral works, his cycles of lovely songs, his large contribution to the pianoforte repertory of the first class in significance—and too frequently of intricacy! How much he wrote, yet with what an absence of things that we would be willing to spare; with what a princely wealth of ideas and treatment! There was of the sublime in him at his highest; yet he could write a song as simple-sweet as one of Blake's poems of childhood, a love-rhapsody as human as one by Hafiz. It can be said of Brahms what Mr. Edward Dannreuther so truly remarks of Beethoven—that there are moments when by his music he "passes beyond the horizon of a mere singer and poet, and touches upon domains of the seer and the prophet." Brahms is dead, scarcely an old man, but with his musical mission roundly and majestically completed several seasons before a deeper seclusion and failing health warned the world of his approaching end. And Brahms dead, it may be said fairly that Germany's list of musicians (Austria's included) who have the ear and heart of the world comes to an end for an indefinite time. There is not a composer left in that list in whom the great outer world of musical audiences feels any other than a passing curiosity—chiefly operatic, too. Brahms has been called architectonic. The musical aspect of Teutonic composition is much the same now as if one by one had crumbled the spires of her carved cathedrals, until only Cologne's mighty mass had been left; it, too, all at once fallen.

The season's records, even tardily, must not pass by the recent production here of Mr. Xaver Scharwenka's tragic opera *Mataswintha*, sung for the first time on any stage save Weimar's classic one, and under the composer's own directing. Mr. Scharwenka has been living and teaching several years in this city. As a pianist and successful teacher he has been well known abroad for a dozen and more years, and on this side. He is, too, the writer of at least one most fascinating concerto for his instrument, along with that once tiresomely popular trifle for the drawing-room's young-lady player, the "Polish Dance." During many years, however, Mr. Scharwenka has worked hard at this opera. Its action is founded on some episodes from Felix Dahn's fat and most bloody novel, *A Battle for Rome*. In Dahn's tale is a wealth of what Mrs. Gamp called "Goffs and Randals," and loves and murders. The coquetting of opera toward the tank-drama here might have been effected, for as a mere passing convenience one scene drowns a lady in a hot bath, with her rival exulting over the process. Dr. Köppel's libretto uses a sparing and rather poor choice out of the tale's incidents; and the reader will do well to read *A Battle for Rome* for himself, and let alone these operatic goings on of the jealous Princess Mataswintha and King Witichis. That gentleman commits bigamy from a stern sense of moral duty. The opera's book is not dramatic; and unluckily Mr. Scharwenka's fine score is equally undramatic. The local production of the new work was brought about by the aid of some of the prominent singers in Mr. Damrosch's German troupe, and of Madame Georgine Januchofsky in the title-rôle. The performance was intelligent and generally adequate to the opera's qualities.

Interest attaches more than locally to the forth-coming professional absence from this city of Anton Seidl. He will make his English début as a Wagner leader next month at Covent Garden, and later he will be claimed for the first time at Baireuth by a share in the Wagner Theatre's representations of 1897. Mr. Seidl can truthfully speak classically of the brilliant chapters of the Wagnerian movement in New York city and the United States, saying, "quorum pars magna fui." His earlier connection with Wagner's propaganda in Europe and with Wagner himself is, however, even more effectively a matter of history, as he was the director of the famous Neumann tour of German singers from Baireuth that carried the war into Italy after 1876 under Wagner's authority. In Mr. Seidl's absence his local charges will fall to Mr. Adolf Neuendorff, an acceptable proxy.

The local musical season, operatic and concert, is fairly in its last days. Spring and warm weather still master our managers, and likely will do so for many a year to come, unless our climate shows a new and cooler capriciousness. Across the water, in London and on the Continent, vacation is far away. In Paris, the last of the Colonne and Lamoureux concerts have come to pass. The French operatic novelties of the hour are still *Messidor*, at the Opéra, sumptuously mounted and admirably sung, though the curious product of MM. Zola and Bruneau cannot be classed among successes; and *Kermaria*, at the Opéra-Comique, the libretto by Gheusi, and the music by Erlanger. In Brussels, Vincent d'Indy's *Fervaal* is a sensation. In Italy the Carnival season has elicited nothing of robust consequence; and the most attractive additions to the repertory of this or that city's lyric theatre remain Giordano's *Andrea Chénier* and Leoncavallo's *Chatterton*.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

MILWAUKEE'S NEW LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

Milwaukee is very proud of her new Public Library and Museum, and has no trouble in finding authorities who assure her that she is not proud without reason. Milwaukee, as most people know, was built largely by men who came from Germany. When these men came to think about a library they naturally remembered the great libraries of the German cities. The library of the University of Leipsic is said to have represented more than any other the Milwaukee ideal of what a great library should be, and in the design submitted by Messrs. Ferry & Clas, and accepted by the committee, the Leipsic Library is understood to have been borne in mind. The buildings resemble one another, but with decided differences. The Milwaukee Library shows the influence of the Italian school more than its German prototype, and in its low dome, which adds to its symmetry, it acknowledges an obligation to the designers of some of the most admired buildings of the Chicago Fair.

The material used is Indiana limestone It is of a light grayish tint, giving splendid effects of light and shade, which are so essential properly to display the beauty of classic architecture, while its fine enduring grain affords ample scope for the rich Corinthian ornamentation.

The central entrance leads through a grand triple archway, approached by a broad flight of marble stairs, while across the whole façade of the building, which is twenty-five feet back from the street, extends a wide terrace, enclosed at the street-line by a handsomely carved balustrade.

The interior is so arranged that the richly decorated rotunda is the only common ground of the two institutions. The Museum rooms occupy the western portion of the building, and the Library the north and eastern portions.

The interior rooms are finished in St. Baum, Numidian, and old convent Siena marbles; the wood used is curly birch and mahogany.

Every consideration has been given for the comfort of knowledge-seekers, and the reference-room is in consequence one of the most inviting places in the building. It is eighty feet in length, fifty-four in breadth, and thirty-two in height. The wainscoting, columns, and huge twin fireplaces are of St. Baum marble, the wood-work of curly birch.

A separate reference-room has wisely been selected for the special use of children. It is not in any way connected with the general room, thus ensuring for the little ones the privilege of conversation attending their work, and for the older people absolute quiet.

The Museum consists of the administrative offices and large free halls that contain many rare and priceless curios gathered from all parts of the globe, as well as many relics of pioneer days.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.*

Being some Further Account of the Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

"'NOW, MY CHILD,' SAID MRS. NOAH, FIRMLY, 'I DO NOT WISH ANY WORDS.'"

XII.—THE ESCAPE AND THE END.

IF there was anxiety on board of the *Gehenna* as to the condition and whereabouts of the House-boat, there was by no means less uneasiness upon that vessel itself. Cleopatra's scheme for ridding herself and her abducted sisters of the pirates had worked to a charm, but having worked thus, a new and hitherto undreamed-of problem, full of perplexities bearing upon their immediate safety, now confronted them. The sole representative of a seafaring family on board was Mrs. Noah, and it did not require much time to see that her knowledge as to navigation was of an extremely primitive order—limited, indeed, to the science of floating.

When the last pirate had disappeared behind the rocks of Holmes Island and all was in readiness for action, the good old lady, who had hitherto been as calm and unruffled as a child, began to get red in the face and to bustle about in a manner which betrayed considerable perturbation of spirit.

"Now, Mrs. Noah," said Cleopatra, as, peeping out from the billiard-room window, she saw Morgan disappearing in the distance, "the coast is clear, and I resign my position of chairman to you. We place the vessel in your hands and ourselves subject to your orders. You are in command. What do you wish us to do?"

"Very well," replied Mrs. Noah, putting down her knitting and starting for the deck. "I'm not certain, but I think the first thing to do is to get her moving. Do you know I've never discovered whether this boat was a steamboat or a sailing-vessel? Does anybody know?"

"I think it has a naphtha-tank and a propeller," said Elizabeth, "although I don't know. It seems to me my brother Raleigh told me they'd had a naphtha-engine put in last winter after the freshet, when the House-boat was carried ten miles down the river, and had to be towed back at enormous expense. They put it in so that if she were carried away again she could get back of her own power."

"That's unfortunate," said Mrs. Noah, "because I don't know anything about these newfangled notions. If there's any one here who knows anything about naphtha-engines I wish they'd speak."

"I'm of the opinion," said Portia, "that I can study out the theory of it in a short while."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Noah. "You can do it. I'll appoint you engineer and give you all your orders now, right away in advance. Set her going and keep her going, and don't stop without a written order signed by me. We might as well be very careful and have everything done properly, and it might happen that in the excitement of our trip you would misunderstand my spoken orders and make a fatal error. Therefore pay no attention to unwritten orders. That will do for you for the present. Xanthippe, you may take Ophelia and Madame Récamier and ten other ladies, and every morning before breakfast swab the larboard deck. Cassandra, Tuesdays you will devote to polishing the brasses in the dining-room, and the balance of your time I wish you to expend in dusting the bric-à-brac. Dido, you always were strong at building fires; I'll make you chief stoker. You will also assist Lucretia Borgia in the kitchen. Inasmuch as the latter's maid has neglected to supply her with the usual line of poisons, I think we can safely intrust to Lucretia's hands the responsibilities of the culinary department."

"I'm perfectly willing to do anything I can," said Lucretia, "but I must confess that I don't approve of your methods of commanding a ship. A ship's captain isn't a domestic martinet, as you are setting out to be. We didn't appoint you housekeeper."

"Now, my child," said Mrs. Noah, firmly, "I do not wish any words. If I hear any more impudence from you, I'll put you ashore without a reference, and the rest of you I would warn in all kindness that I will not tolerate insubordination. You may all of you have one night of the week and alternate Sundays off, but your work must be done. The régime I am adopting is precisely that in vogue on the Ark, only I didn't have the help I have now, and things got into very bad shape. We were out forty days, and while the food was poor and the service execrable, we never lost a life."

The boat gave a slight tremor.

"Hurrah!" cried Elizabeth, clapping her hands with glee, "we are off!"

"I will repair to the deck and get our bearings," said Mrs. Noah, putting her shawl over her shoulders. "Meantime, Cleopatra, I appoint you first mate. See that things are tidied up a bit here before I return. Have the windows washed, and to-morrow I want all the rugs and carpets taken up and shaken."

Portia meanwhile had discovered the naphtha-engine, and after experimenting several times with the various levers and stop-cocks, had finally managed to move one of them in such a way as to set the engine going, and the wheel began to revolve.

"Are we going all right?" she cried from below.

"I'm afraid not," said the gallant commander. "The wheel is roiling up the water at a great rate, but we don't seem to be going ahead very fast—in fact we're simply moving round and round as though we were on a pivot."

"I'm afraid we're aground amidships," said Xanthippe, gazing over the side of the House-boat anxiously. "She certainly acts that way—like a merry-go-round."

"Well, there's something wrong," said Mrs. Noah; "and we've got to hurry and find out what it is."

"Maybe this has something to do with it," observed Mrs. Lot, pointing to the anchor rope. "It looks to me as if those horrid men had tied us fast."

"That's just what it is," snapped Mrs. Noah. "They guessed our plan, and have fastened us to a pole or something; but I imagine we can untie it."

Portia, who had come on deck, gave a short little laugh.

"Why, we're anchored," she said.

"What's that?" queried Mrs. Noah. "We never had an experience like that on the Ark."

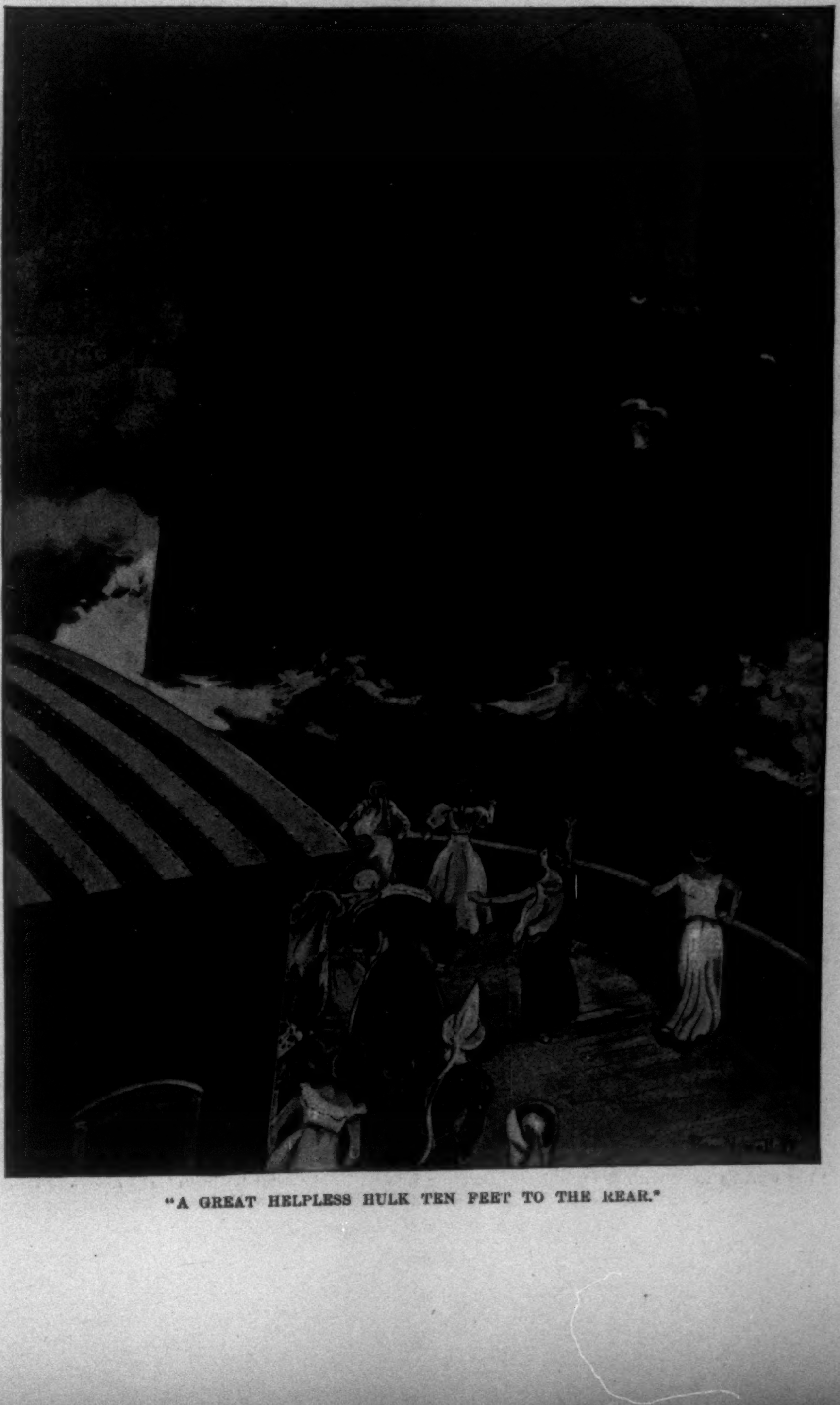
Portia explained the science of the anchor.

"What nonsense!" ejaculated Mrs. Noah. "How can we get away from it?"

"We've got to pull it up," said Portia. "Order all hands on deck and have it pulled up."

"It can't be done, and if it could I wouldn't have it!" said Mrs. Noah, indignantly. "The idea! Lifting heavy pieces of iron, my dear Portia, is not a woman's work. Send for Delilah and let her cut the ropes with her scissors."

"It would take her a week to cut a hawser like that," said Elizabeth, who had been investigating. "It would be more to the purpose, I think, to chop it in two with an axe."



"A GREAT HELPLESS HULK TEN FEET TO THE REAR."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Noah, satisfied. "I don't care how it is done, as long as it is done quickly. It would never do for us to be recaptured now."

The suggestion of Elizabeth was carried out, and the Queen herself cut the hawser with six well-directed strokes of the axe.

"You *are* an expert with it, aren't you?" smiled Cleopatra.

"I am, indeed," replied Elizabeth, grimly. "I had it suspended over my head for so long a time before I got to the throne that I couldn't help familiarizing myself with some of its possibilities."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Noah as the vessel began to move. "I begin to feel easier. It looks now as if we were really off."

"It seems to me, though," said Cleopatra, gazing forward, "that we are going backwards."

"Oh, well, what if we are?" said Mrs. Noah. "We did that on the Ark half the time. It doesn't make any difference which way we are going, as long as we go, does it?"

"Why, of course it does!" cried Elizabeth. "What can you be thinking of? People who walk backwards are in great danger of running into other people. Why not the same with ships? It seems to me it's a very dangerous piece of business sailing backwards."

"Oh, nonsense!" snapped Mrs. Noah. "You are as timid as a zebra. During the flood we sailed days and days and days going backwards. It didn't make a particle of difference how we went; it was as safe one way as another, and we got just as far away in the end. Our main object now is to get away from the pirates, and that's what we are doing. Don't get emotional, Lizzie, and remember, too, that I am in charge. If I think the boat ought to go sideways, sideways she shall go. If you don't like it, it is still not too late to put you ashore."

The threat calmed Elizabeth somewhat, and she was satisfied, and all went well with them, even if Portia had started the propeller revolving reverse fashion, so that the House-boat was, as Elizabeth had said, backing her way through the ocean.

The day passed, and by slow degrees the island and the marooned pirates faded from view; and the night came on, and with it a dense fog.

"We're going to have a nasty night, I am afraid," said Xanthippe, looking anxiously out of the port.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2094.

"No doubt," said Mrs. Noah, pleasantly. "I'm sorry for those who have to be out in it."

"That's what I was thinking about," observed Xanthippe. "It's going to be very hard on us keeping watch."

"Watch for what?" demanded Mrs. Noah, looking over the tops of her glasses at Xanthippe.

"Why, surely you are going to have lookouts stationed on deck?" said Elizabeth.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Noah. "Perfectly absurd. We never did it on the Ark, and it isn't necessary now. I want you all to go to bed at ten o'clock. I don't think the night air is good for you. Besides, it isn't proper for a woman to be out after dark, whether she's new or not."

"But, my dear Mrs. Noah," expostulated Cleopatra, "what will become of the ship?"

"I guess she'll float through the night, whether we are on deck or not," said the commander. "The Ark did; why not this? Now, girls, these newfangled yachting notions are all nonsense. It's night, and there's a fog as thick as a stone wall all about us. If there were a hundred of you upon deck, with ten eyes apiece, you couldn't see anything. You might much better be in bed. As your captain, chaperon, and grandmother, I command you to stay below."

"But—who is to steer?" queried Xanthippe.

"What's the use of steering until we can see where to steer to?" demanded Mrs. Noah. "I certainly don't intend to bother with that tiller until some reason for doing it arises. We haven't any place to steer to yet; we don't know where we are going. Now, my dear children, be reasonable and don't worry me. I've had a very hard day of it, and I feel my responsibilities keenly. Just let me manage, and we'll come out all right. I've had more experience than any of you, and if—"

A terrible crash interrupted the old lady's remarks. The House-boat shivered and shook, careened 'way to one side, and as quickly righted and stood still. A mad rush up the gangway followed, and in a moment a hundred and eighty-three pale-faced trembling women stood upon the deck, gazing with horror at a great helpless hulk ten feet to the rear, fastened by ropes and odd pieces of rigging to the stern-posts of the House-boat, sinking slowly but surely into the sea.

It was the *Gehenna!*

The House-boat had run her down, and her last hour had come; but thanks to the stanchness of her build and wonderful beam, the floating club-house had withstood the shock of the impact, and now rode the waters as gracefully as ever.

Portia was the first to realize the extent of the catastrophe, and in a short while chairs and life-preservers and tables—everything that could float—had been tossed into the sea to the struggling immortals therein. On board the *Gehenna*, those who had not cast themselves into the waters, under the cool direction of Holmes and Bonaparte, calmly lowered the boats, and in a short while were not only able to felicitate themselves upon their safety, but had likewise the good fortune to rescue their more impetuous brethren who had preferred to swim for it. Ultimately all were brought aboard the House-boat in safety, and the men in Hades were once more reunited with their wives, daughters, sisters, and *fiancées*, and Elizabeth had the satisfaction of once more saving the life of Raleigh by throwing him her ruff, as she had done a year or so previously when she and her brother had been upset in the swift current of the river Styx.

Order and happiness being restored, Holmes took command of the House-boat and navigated her safely back into her old-time berth. The *Gehenna* went to the bottom and was never seen again, and when the roll was called it was found that all who had set out upon her had returned in safety, save Shylock, Kidd, Sir Henry Morgan, and Abeuchapeta; but even they were not lost, for five weeks later these four worthies were found early one morning drifting slowly up the river Styx, gazing anxiously out from the top of a water-cask, and yelling lustily for help.

And here endeth the chronicle of the pursuit of the good old House-boat. Back to her moorings, the even tenor of her ways was once more resumed, but with one slight difference:

The ladies became eligible for membership, and availing themselves of the privilege, began to think less and less of the advantages of being men, and to rejoice that, after all, they were women; and even Xanthippe and Socrates after that night of peril reconciled their differences, and no longer quarrel as to which is the more entitled to wear the toga of authority. It has become for them a divided skirt.

As for Kidd and his fellows, they have never recovered from the effect of their fearful though short exile upon Holmes Island, and are but shadows of their former shades; whereas Mr. Sherlock Holmes has so endeared himself to his new-found friends that he is quite as popular with them as he is with us who have yet to cross the dark river and be subjected to the scrutiny of the Committee on Membership at the House-boat on the Styx.

Even Hawkshaw has been able to detect his genius.

THE END.

THE COMING POSTAL CONGRESS.

BY WILLIAM JUSTUS BOIES.

THE first congress of the Universal Postal Union ever held in this country will assemble in Washington early in May. Delegates representing all the civilized nations of the world are expected to attend, as the business to be transacted promises to be of far-reaching importance and of unusual interest. President Cleveland realized the significance of the approaching convention when he alluded to the congress in his last message, and expressed the hope "that such an appropriation will be made for the expenses necessarily attendant upon the coming meeting in our capital city as will be worthy of our national hospitality and indicative of our appreciation of the event." The United States was instrumental in bringing about international agreement to the original postal treaty signed at Berne in 1874, affecting a territory then populated by 375,000,000 people, and every effort will be made by our representatives at the coming congress to strengthen and to extend the benefits already conferred by general consent to existing regulations governing the world's interchange of mail-matter.

The principal business to be considered by the coming congress is a revision of the treaty signed at Vienna, July 4, 1891. That treaty embodied the main features adopted by previous congresses, and provided an elaborate system of rates to be charged by intermediary governments for mails in transit to other countries. These rates have been found excessive by some governments, and special effort will be made to reduce them materially or abolish them altogether. The problem of rates, however, presents many difficulties, and since the interests are conflicting, its solution will be a feature of the congress. Then, too, a simpler mode of settling accounts will be considered, as work at the Berne office (which acts as a clearing-house for the union) has become intricate under the present system. The adjuncts to the regular service provided for at the Vienna congress by the adoption of the "arrangements" permitting postmasters to receive newspaper subscriptions and allowing for the collection of bills, to which our government did not consent at the time, may be discussed again this year. These general questions, though few in number, it is thought will mainly occupy the attention of the congress, since the attitude of the delegates, being to some extent dependent upon their governments' foreign policy, will not be declared without prolonged discussion and careful deliberation.

The congress will be in session about six weeks. Its deliberations will be conducted in the French language at secret sessions. Each country belonging to the union may send as many delegates as it chooses, though only one will be allowed to vote. About one hundred accredited delegates altogether are expected. Our representative will doubtless act as president, since it has been customary to select a resident delegate as presiding officer. The preliminary consideration of all subjects will be assigned to committees, which are expected to meet three or four times a week, and the congress itself will assemble only when a committee is ready to report. For this reason it is probable that not more than six or seven full sessions will be held.

The development of the union has been quite remarkable. Concerted action in this direction was first suggested officially thirty-five years ago, when Secretary-of-State Seward, at the request of Postmaster-General Blair, proposed a conference of representatives from the various governments to consider means of facilitating international postal communication. This resulted in the meeting at Paris, May 11, 1863, attended by representatives of the postal departments of Austria, Belgium, Costa Rica, Denmark, Spain, France, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, the Sandwich Islands, Switzerland, the Hanseatic Cities, and the United States. The delegates were invested with no power, however, and beyond the passage of certain resolutions, embodying points concerning most of which the governments were in substantial accord, nothing definite was accomplished. Five years later the North German postal administrations published the features of a proposed union of all civilized nations, modelled after the Austro-German union, then composed of sixteen independent postal administrations. Subsequent negotiations were interrupted, however, by the Franco-Prussian war, so it was not until September 15, 1874, that a congress was convened at Berne, which resulted in the negotiation of the first treaty of the "General Postal Union," by which twenty-two nations and colonies were constituted "a single postal territory for the reciprocal exchange of correspondence between their post-offices." The union was soon strengthened by the adhesion of other countries and colonies, so that within a year of its inauguration it embraced 620,000,000 persons.

The next congress assembled in the Bourbon Palace, in Paris, in May, 1878, and continued its deliberations for more than a month. Besides the countries represented at the Berne congress, delegates from the Argentine Republic, Brazil, British India, Canada, Japan, Mexico, Peru, Persia, and Salvador were present, and the treaty adopted was more liberal in some respects than that existing at the time. The organization became thereafter known as the "Universal Postal Union," and the benefits conferred upon negotiating countries were so obvious that it was soon still further enlarged and improved.

The hall of the Supreme Court of Portugal, in the city of Lisbon, was the scene of the assembling of the third congress, on February 4, 1885, when no new treaty was concluded, though "Additional Acts" were formulated amending existing regulations, and introducing several new features. Various "arrangements" were also entered into to which our government did not assent. The adhesion of Bolivia to the convention at this time placed the whole of the American continent within the union.

It was agreed at Lisbon that congresses should be thereafter convened every five years from the date when a new convention went into effect, so the delegates were asked to meet again May 20, 1891, in the city of Vienna, Austria, where the last congress was held in the hall of the Imperial Association of Horticulture. Captain N. M. Brooks, the present Superintendent of Foreign Mails, and William Potter, of Philadelphia, represented the United States at this meeting, and served on all the committees appointed. The Vienna congress established the Berne office for liquidating accounts between administrations, provided for the exchange of closed mails between naval vessels and their governments, took precautions against the use of fraudulent postage-stamps, and ordered the publication of a dictionary of post-offices. An important consequence of the congress was the subsequent adhesion of the British Australasian colonies, the South African Republic, and the colony of Natal and of the Cape of Good Hope, so that now the only countries not affiliated are the Chinese Empire, Korea, and the Orange Free State. The latter two will probably be admitted in May.

Previous gatherings of these congresses have been notable events. No pains have been spared by entertaining governments to make the occasions memorable, and it is said that the Austrian authorities expended nearly $250,000 for the last congress. However this may be, it is certain that our delegates were handsomely entertained during their stay in Vienna.

Definite arrangements for the next congress are now being made. Superintendent-of-Foreign-Mails Brooks will probably arrange many of its details, his experience at Vienna having specially fitted him for the work. Besides Captain Brooks there is no one more directly familiar with the problems attending international postal business than Assistant-Postmaster James Gayler, of New York.

GREECE AND THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

DURING the last weeks the eyes of the world have been riveted upon Greece, the diminutive but courageous nation which at present holds in its hands the fate of Europe; for Greece has it in her power to kindle that great European conflagration which, in a spirit both of self-preservation and of selfishness, the great powers of Europe have been afraid to face, for a century. Greece holds a hand full of trumps of the lower grade, but she has no suit hand with which to follow up trump leads, so that after exhausting her trumps she may take no tricks at all. If this be her game, she may, she can, bring on the dreaded European war for the possessions of the Sick Man, and that war will mean the end and the dismemberment of Turkey. But in the apportionment of the spoils it may be that *might* will once more be *right*; that the lions and the bears will devour the carcass entire, and leave but small pickings for the clever little fox whose misjudged shrewdness brought about the attack. The powers have every reason to fear this war, and to avoid it they are even willing to stain their honorable flags with infamy. All men know full well that when the smoke of the contest shall have blown away, it will be discovered that somebody has been hurt besides Turkey. The hour of doom will have rung out upon the air for this or that European nation, and the sometime great and arrogant will realize that they have been. The Turkish Empire will be ancient history; but Turkey will not be alone in her collapse. Of course it cannot be foreknown what nation is to accompany Turkey on that dread journey; naturally no nation covets the honor; consequently, in order to preserve the balance of power, the nations of Europe are determined, if possible, to prevent Greece from playing her fateful trumps, and to hinder the outbreak of the war that will be fraught with so tremendous possibilities to Europe. Greece perhaps would gain more in the long-run by present submission to the will of Europe, in the hope that when the final division of Turkey comes, some fifty or hundred years hence, Europe may give her a large slice as a reward of merit and good behavior. Greece, however, does not believe so; she has had her own sad experiences in the matter of submission to the will of Europe; she is afraid to trust to empty hopes, and prefers to obey the old injunction, to "go and take" (*μολὼν λαβέ*) what she claims should be hers.

It is not easy, however, for an outsider to know accurately whether Greece is in solemn earnest in all her warlike preparations, or whether she is playing a great, an almost criminal, game of "bluff." Greece asserts, we know, that she means war to the death in order to secure the union of free and of enslaved Greeks. We hear it told with set teeth and flashing eyes that instructions have been given to the commanders of the battle-ships to *stay* where they are; to die if need be, but not to yield to the awful brutal force of Europe. Ἢ τὰν, ἢ ἐπὶ τᾶς is the watchword now, as in the days of Leonidas. This is fearful heroism, and it makes one's teeth fairly chatter to read that such an order has been given; but if the commanders have the courage thus to die for country, Greece will have crowned herself with the glory of a modern Salamis, and Europe will be covered with never-ending infamy. Greece is certainly making every effort to get her troops to the frontier before Europe blockades her ports. There is no question about the desperate earnestness of the people, of the army, of the hardy and athletic recruits that come in daily with songs and hurrahs upon their lips to throng and make unusually picturesque the streets of Athens. Not a man among them but means war, but prays for war, and is eager to sacrifice everything in the holy cause; not a man among them but will curse and rend the government if that government back down now and add disgrace to humiliation; not a man among them, we are told, but will mutiny if the government give the order for the return from the camps in Thessaly. In that case the officers will not be able to restrain the troops, because they are determined to fight the Turks at all hazards. But, nevertheless, on-looking lovers of Greece are quaking with fear lest, in the face of the awful odds against her, Greece lose her courage and bow once more to the will of selfish domineering Europe. Of course it is foolhardy for Greece to defy Europe and to make war on Turkey; anybody can see that; but the Greeks argue: "We are financially ruined anyway; we are desperate men who have nothing to lose in case of failure, but much to gain in case of success; so in God's name we will cast the die and bring on the war, in the hope that the general wreckage that marks the course of the cyclone may reveal a wealth of débris wherewith to recoup ourselves. But we cannot live longer thus while the great majority of the Greeks are held enslaved by the Turk and his European allies; these enslaved millions, of whom we are mulcted, must be united to the kingdom of Greece, and pay taxes where taxes will do Greeks most good, if the kingdom is ever to occupy the position among nations which destiny seems to have in store for it. Nor can we longer submit to the insults and humiliations that are periodically prepared for us by Europe; if fate press hard upon us, we can but lose our national existence, but it were better far to perish with honor than to suffer longer this outrageous fortune."

It is not always the great who have done or do great things. Little Greece has been foolhardy ere now, and all Europe is at the present moment enjoying the fruits of that selfsame foolhardiness; ere now little Greece has broken the might of the mighty, has humbled the proud, and gained the physical and intellectual victories of the world. The Medes and the Persians came upon her once; this time they come from the west, with the proud boast of enlightenment emblazoned on their shields; this time with the sign of the cross floating on their banners. History is being reversed; the cross has come to the rescue of the crescent and the star, those symbols of infamy so recently bathed in the blood of Armenia. But the world may yet see a display of that mettle and daring which sent the army of Xerxes back to Asia wrecked and ruined.

Some of those who are studying events on the spot do say, it must be confessed, that the King and his ministers would willingly submit now to the will of Europe were it not for the newspapers and for public opinion in Greece. The terrible power of the press, for good or for ill, is seen nowhere so much as in Greece. The newspapers themselves do not dare to print any word that might hint that the course of Greece is foolhardy, hysterical, and without the slightest basis in common-sense. Such sentiments

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE IN A GROUP OF HIS OFFICERS AND SAILORS.

would be branded as unpatriotic, and their authors would be mobbed. We hear it hinted that the Prime Minister has been passively opposed to the course of Greece from the start, but has been forced to action by the King and the people. This means, if true, that he foresees disaster for Greece; that he is not brave enough or strong enough to stand openly by the side of the King and to shoulder his share of the responsibility, but conceals himself behind the King, in the hope that when the deluge comes he may find some place of safety from which to cry, "I told you so."

The man of the moment is unquestionably the King of Greece, George I. It is believed that he has been the moving spirit of the whole present uprising of the Greeks. Confessedly his government has but followed his lead, unwillingly perhaps. The establishment of a permanent camp was by his Majesty's order; the insurrection in Crete was planned months ago; the landing of troops in Crete was his handiwork; the war is his war, though in justice to him it must ever be borne in mind that he has simply placed himself upon the breast of the wave of public opinion in Greece. He had to do it or to be swept away by that surging wave. He has cast the die, and, come what may, *he* dare not retreat, dare not back down before the powers, for woe to him if he do. His people will surely summon him to a bitter reckoning. If he wants to keep his crown, and perhaps even his life, he must go on to the bitter end, defy the powers, make war on Turkey, and by *success* prove himself the greatest diplomat in Europe. There is no middle ground for him; he must win the day or lose everything—crown and reputation. If he had good diplomatic reasons, such as the backing of some first-class European power, in entering upon his bold undertaking, then he is a great diplomatist and is playing his cards well; if he has dashed in madly without ample backing, without counting the fearful costs, he will have proved himself the exact reverse of a great diplomatist, and the price that he will have to pay will perhaps be very great. It is still hoped here that a certain power has not yet shown its hand, and that the King knows that the "Concert of Infamy" will be broken ere many days. If so, he is acting with wisdom.

The King has never been popular in Greece until the present moment. His present course has been applauded to the echo by the rank and file of his people. As these lines were being written, the writer saw a train of cars stop in front of his window. Upon investigating the cause of the unwonted spectacle, it was discovered that the patriotic engineer had seen the King's carriage coming from the opposite direction. The train was stopped at once to allow the passengers to bare their heads before his Majesty. For thirty-two years the King has led a *dolce far niente* life, has signed the papers submitted to him by his ministers, has let his subjects squabble about the government amongst themselves to their hearts' content, but has made no effort to gain the love of his people by placing himself at the head of popular movements. Consequently his present action has come as an immense surprise to all the world, and to the Greeks themselves none the less.

As a private individual the King is a kindly and affable gentleman, without great mental gifts, as has been believed heretofore, though if he wins the day now in the face of his tremendous handicap he will have proved that the world has misjudged him.

It is said that the King always does the right thing in his private capacity. Nothing can show him up in a better light than his behavior on two occasions. Some years ago his infant child died. The body was to be buried on the royal estate at Deceleia, some fifteen miles from Athens. The casket was placed in a mail phaeton; the King and the Queen mounted the box; the King took the reins and drove the phaeton himself the entire distance, in order that the father's hands alone might show this last honor to his child.

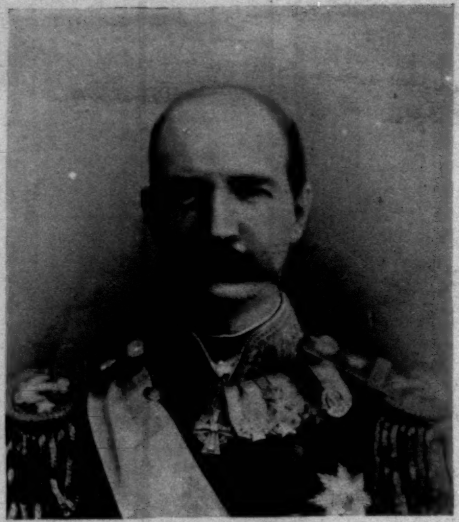
Again, last year the old English nurse of the royal family died. She began her duties at the birth of Constantine, the Crown-Prince, and nursed all the eight royal children in succession as they came. She was an estimable woman, report says, though somewhat given to having her own way in the face of or in spite of royalty. She ruled the little princes and princesses, and even the Queen herself, with a rod of iron; but she tempered her severity with much good sense and tenderness, as is shown by the fact that she won the love of the entire family, who still speak of her with reverent affection. When her body was to be borne to its last resting-place, the King would allow no strange hands to touch the casket, but he and his three stalwart sons, Constantine, George, and Nicholas, carried the honored clay through the streets from the palace to the English church, where the last honors were to be shown the dead. This touching tribute to the old nurse was offered without any display or ostentation; no one knew anything about it, and it passed unnoticed, save by a few who treasured the memory of the act in their hearts. Such little things it is that bespeak the soul that lies within the man, and lay it bare to common people more effectually than could be done in pages of profound analysis of character. For under ordinary circumstances it is no easy matter for people in the common walks of life to analyze the character of a king; they cannot gain the data for such analysis, for kings are so hedged about by conventions that they can never be known by persons outside the magic circle.

For more than twenty years it has been common talk in Athens that the King was tired of playing the mere figure-head, and would welcome banishment; banishment could not hurt him materially, since the powers guaranteed him a cool million a year in case the Greeks should ever *drive* him out. But to enjoy this million he must be exiled; he cannot abdicate. When he came to Greece a generation ago he was a poor Danish prince, but in recent years especially his savings have been invested so judiciously, both in and out of Greece, that he is now a very wealthy man—so men say. He has just built himself a sumptuous palace in the neighborhood of Copenhagen, apparently in anticipation of his banishment. If exile from Greece is to come now, his future comfort is assured; he can pass the remainder of his life in quiet dignity in his northern home. It is said that the nervous strain to which the King has been subjected during the last trying weeks has told on him, and that he has aged perceptibly.

In recent years the Queen has been unpopular, though it was otherwise in the heyday of her beauty. She has spent much of her time in hospital work, it is true, and she has ever displayed an unfailing interest in what concerned the poor, but she was never hellenized; she never really cast in her lot with the people of Greece; she has shown in many ways that her heart beat true to the Russia of her youth. Her adopted people knew this from of old, but forgot it, perhaps willingly, under the magic influence of her great beauty, grace, and charm of manner. She was, and is still, every inch the Queen, as no one can deny. But still, her adopted people have been displeased to see her parade her philo-Russian preferences continuously. The discontents claim that she has sought every occasion to do honor to visiting Russian men-of-war, but has failed to display a similar interest in what most nearly concerns Greece. Her Majesty's position is rendered still more difficult to-day by the fact that, next to the Germans, the Russians are regarded as the bitterest foes of Greece, perhaps correctly. But for all that the Queen is a noble woman, a model mother, an exemplary Christian. It is said, indeed, that her love for the Orthodox Church borders upon fanaticism; but how much better that than to have no religion at all! In the Orthodox Church special honor is the meed of the person who can claim the conversion of three souls to the true religion. The Queen has won that distinction, two of her converts being American ladies, while the third is her daughter-in-law, the Princess Sophia.

The Crown-Prince Constantine is universally respected by the Greeks. He bears the reputation of being a young man of parts, who has had little opportunity to display them or to distinguish himself, though he has acted as Viceroy during the absence of his father from Greece. He is the commander of the land forces of Greece, and in case of war he will be accorded a chance to show the stuff he is made of. As these lines are being written, the voice of the multitude may be heard as they wildly cheer his departure to assume command of the army in Thessaly. The name he bears, the sacred name of Constantine, will stand him in good stead among Greeks everywhere, for in Greece it is a name to conjure by. His wife Sophia, sister of the German Emperor, is very popular, in spite of the bitter hostility of her imperial brother to the most sacred interests of Greece—a hostility that has cost her many tears. It has been said that Sophia's conversion to the Greek Church is the cause of the Emperor's hostility to Greece. Her conversion was not a state measure, but an act of her own free will, and took place long after her marriage. But it is likely that other things aroused the ire of her royal brother. During his visit here he was disgusted to find the Greeks a nation of democrats. He objected to the guests the King invited to meet him; he called them "fellows" and "cads," because the *quarterings* were absent. He resented the impertinence of village mayors who exhibited a readiness to shake hands with him; he demanded to know why such vermin were allowed to approach him. And even then he expressed a will-

OLGA, QUEEN OF GREECE.



GEORGE I., KING OF GREECE.

CROWN-PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GREECE.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

CROWN-PRINCE CONSTANTINE OF GREECE.

PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE.

TORPEDO-BOATS OF THE GRECIAN NAVY AT THE NAVAL STATION AT SALAMIS.
Prince George of Greece is the large figure at the Left on Boat No. 14.

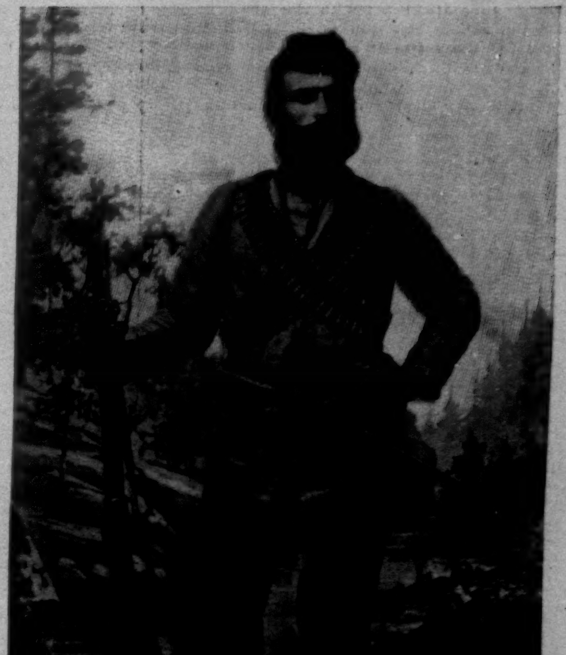
GREECE AND THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.—[See Page 414.]

EMBARKATION OF TROOPS AT PIRÆUS FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

PEASANT VOLUNTEERS—RECRUITS FROM CORINTH ABOUT TO DEPART FOR CRETE.

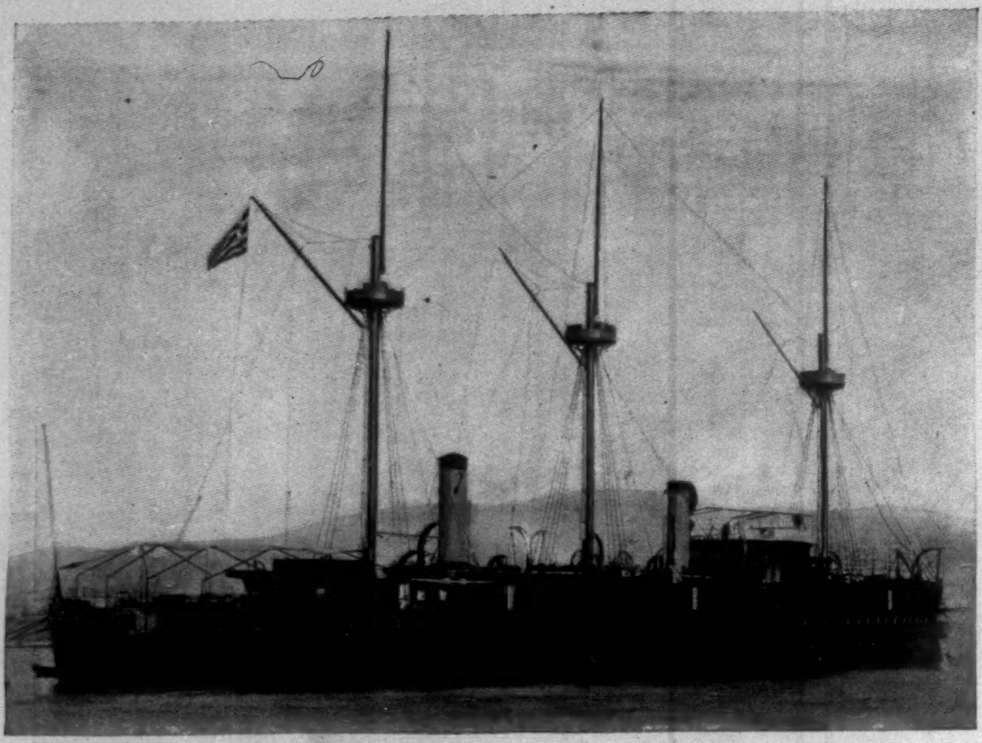
CRETAN WARRIORS.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS—VOLUNTEERS FOR CRETE.



A CRETAN INSURGENT.

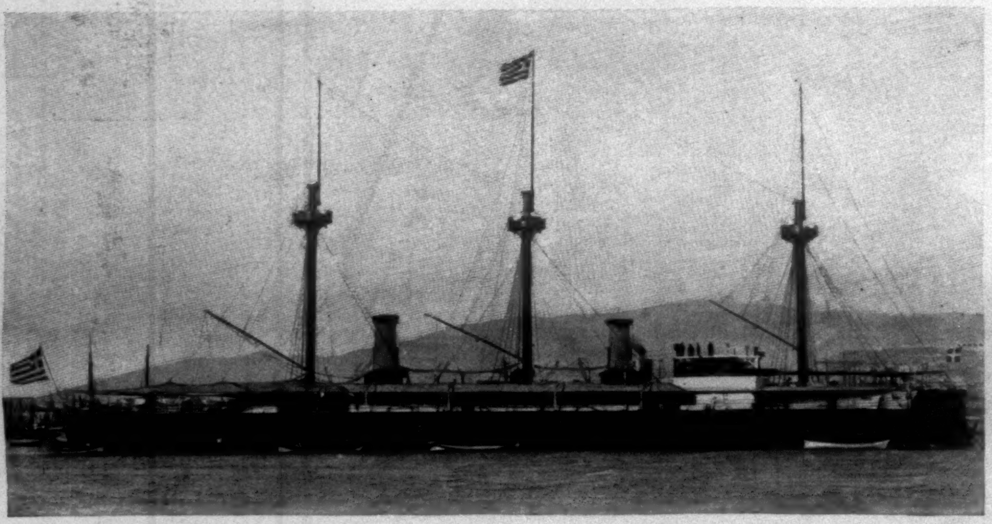
GREECE AND THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.—[See Page 414.]



GREEK MAN-OF-WAR "SPETSAE."

ingness to bombard the Acropolis. Such petty things angered the petty soul, and—Germany became hostile to Greece. But, in defiance of her brother, Sophia has identified herself with Greece; she is ambitious to be known as a Greek, not as a German Princess, and Greeks are pleased.

But the idol of the Greeks is George, their Majesties' second son, the sailor prince of herculean frame and jovial cast of face. A well-known figure at the Olympic games last spring, he threatened to enter the arena himself another time in order to uphold the athletic honor of Greece. It may be remembered that upon their return to America our victorious athletes announced that the King was a *peach*, but that his son George was a whole basketful of peaches. It was this same George who saved the life of the present Czar when, as Czarowitz, he was attacked by an assassin in Japan several years ago. He is built on the lines of a prize-fighter, so that the little Japanese assassin could not withstand his powerful fist. The world knows what George is doing now; at his country's call he literally sprang forward to assume the command of one of the torpedo squadrons, and sailed to the point of danger in Cretan waters, where, in the near future perhaps, the Czar will return thanks for preserved life by destroying the Greek fleet. George may go along with the fleet, for he has positive orders to reply to force with force, and he is young and daring enough to obey orders and to do heroic things. Ere-long the world may hear that he has blown up a few of his Russian kinsman's battle-ships, or that he has replied to the taunting insults and petty hatred of his German cousin by paying his respects to the *Kaiserin Augusta*. He could do nothing that would make him a greater hero in Greece, for the Emperor's epithets—"nation of robbers," "last of nations," "cads," "robber prince," etc.—rankle and fester in the Grecian soul. The illustration on page 415 shows George in the midst of a group of officers and sailors. Another, on page 416, shows some of his torpedo-boat fleet lying at anchor in the naval station at Salamis.



GREEK MAN-OF-WAR "HYDRA."

Nicholas, the third son of their Majesties, is only less popular than George. He too is where danger lurks, on the Turkish frontier in Thessaly. He is but a captain of artillery as yet, but he will give a good account of himself, and it is safe to predict that distinction and promotion will come to him in case of war with Turkey. He is said to have more brains than any of his brothers.

It cannot be said with truth that the Greeks are a handsome race, but their swarthy faces, with their small, round, beadlike eyes that glow and burn, are interesting, even fascinating. Look at the group of Corinthian recruits, peasants all, on page 417; see those firm-set lips; notice the haughty bearing, the sturdy frames. Surely an army composed of such stubborn, unyielding stuff will not fail to give a good account of itself on the field of battle.

The Greeks are a clever race, an intellectual race, though travellers sometimes find that these gifts are displayed in an offensive manner; but in spite of the sins they may be justly charged with they are a good and a kindly race. They are the most democratic people in the world; they are filled with genuine patriotism; almost without a parallel, also, is their eagerness for education and for progress. Their politeness is unfailing, and even in these latter days, when the European world is leagued together for their destruction, as they feel, they meet foreigners with the same old kindliness and conceal their heartaches behind smiling faces. They are better than we are, more patient under wrong, more forgiving, and, according to their lights, more truly Christian.

The enthusiastic eagerness with which they have responded to the call to arms is touching, even pathetic, because the absence of the vine-digger from the vineyard, especially at this time of year, means ruin to countless little homes, means ruin to the nation. And yet they never hesitate, but come at once, with head erect, with proud and haughty step, with hurrahs upon their lips, though pain be gnawing at their hearts. Thousands of them, in their shaggy capotes and garments often painfully shabby, have flooded the streets of Athens, and yet, amid all the excitement, they have ever been quiet, dignified, orderly citizens. We have heard many patriotic songs, many shouts for war, we have seen many demonstrations; but not one case of drunkenness, not one unseemly brawl. The loss, the sacrifice for country, is not confined to those who have gone to the front as soldiers. On the contrary, it strikes all classes; business is at a stand-still, merchants have countermanded all orders from Europe, clerks in the shops stand with folded arms, and bankruptcy stares everybody in the face. Nor is hunger absent; hundreds of families right here in Athens that were dependent upon the daily earnings of the bread-winners are even now in positive want, and generous America should make haste to respond to the call for help—for help in money and in food.

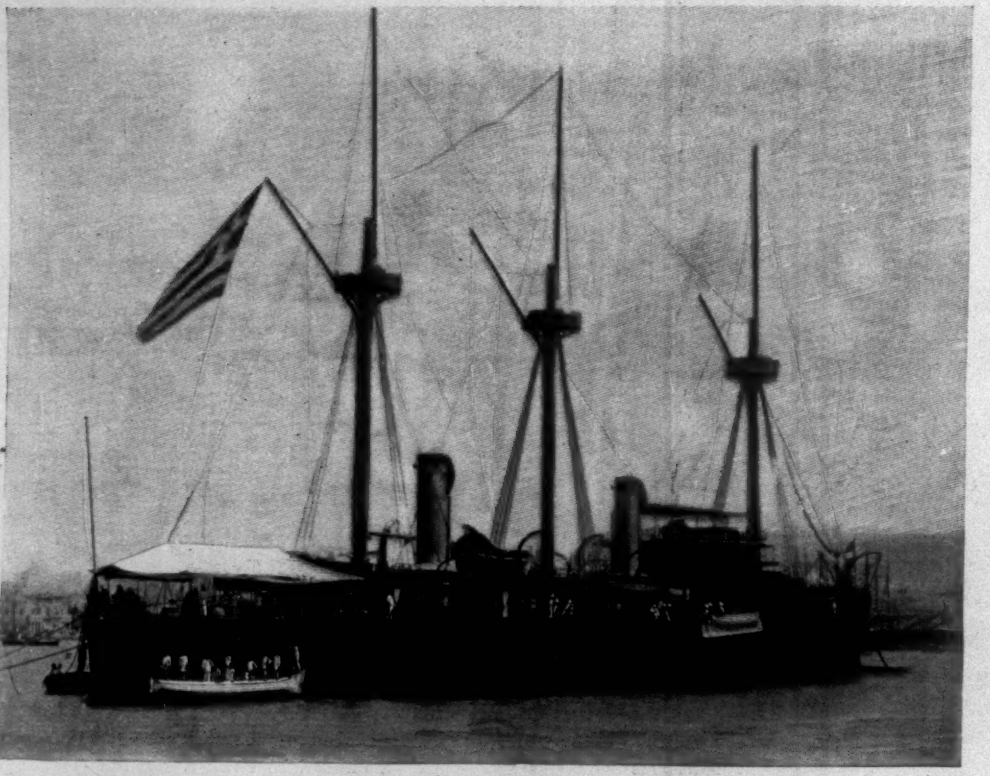
Those of us who have been able to watch the Greeks from near at hand during the present trying circumstances have learned to banish all petty grievances from our hearts, and to entertain for them the most unbounded admiration. Their bearing has been above reproach.

May the God of nations be with them in their supreme hour.

J. R. S. Sterrett,

Professor of Greek in Amherst College, and for the present year Professor in the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, Greece.

March 20, 1897.



GREEK MAN-OF-WAR "PSARA."

A SPRING PASTEL.

Borne northward from some far Azores,
The South-Wind lapping coral shores,
Skims the white-crested, emerald sea,
And stirs the pink anemone.

It greets the gurgling rivulet
Whose limpid, crystal waters fret
Soft, fern-fringed banks in sportive flow
From bosky heights to fields below.

The sweet song-sparrow from the dell
Pours forth his music miracle,
Perched high upon the greening fir—
Nature's insistent chorister.

And now from meadows far away,
The West-Wind, at the close of day,
Brings loitering, when dark clouds lower,
The pattering of the Summer shower.

Joel Benton.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE most intimate friends in unwonted gala attire are always something of a revelation to one another. Butterflies, meeting for the first time after their release from chrysalis, might well have the same awe and confusion of old memories.

On the night of the party, when they were dressed and had come down stairs, Jerome, who had seen his sister every day of his life, looked at her as if for the first time, and she looked in the same way at him. Elmira's aunt Belinda Lamb had given her, some time before, a white muslin gown of her girlhood.

"I 'ain't got any daughter to make it over for," said she, "an' you might as well have it." Belinda Lamb had looked regretfully at its voluminous folds as she passed it over to Elmira. Privately she could not see why she should not wear it still, but she knew that she would not dare face Paulina Maria when attired in it.

Elmira, after much discussion with her mother, had decided upon refurbishing this old white muslin, and wearing that, instead of her new green silk, to the party.

"It will look more airy for an evenin' company," said Mrs. Edwards, "an' the skirt is so full you can take out some of the breadths an' make ruffles."

Elmira and her mother had toiled hard to make those ruffles and finish their daily stents on shoes, but the dress was in readiness and Elmira arrayed in it before eight o'clock on Thursday night. Her dress had a fan waist, cut low, with short puffs for sleeves. Her neck, displaying as it did soft hollows rather than curves, and her arms, delicately angular at wrists and elbows, were still beautiful. She was thin, but her bones were so small that little flesh was required to conceal harsh outlines.

She wore a black velvet ribbon tied tightly around her throat, and from it hung a little gold locket, one of the treasures of her mother's girlhood. Elmira had tended a little pot of rose geranium in a south window all winter. This spring it was full of pale pink bloom. She had made a little chaplet of the fragrant leaves and flowers to adorn her smooth dark hair, and also a pretty knot for her breast. Her skirt was ruffled to her slender waist with tiniest frills of the diaphanous muslin. Elmira looked like a double white flower in her party gown.

As for Jerome, he felt awkwardly self-conscious in his new clothes, but bore himself so proudly as to conceal it. It requires genuine valor to overcome new clothes when one seldom has them. They become, under such circumstances, more than clothes—they are at least skin-deep. However, Jerome had that valor. He had bought a suit of fine blue cloth and a vest of flowered white satin like a bridegroom's. He wore his best shirt, with delicate cambric ruffles on bosom and wristbands, and his throat was swathed in folds of sheerest lawn, which he kept his chin clear of with a splendid and stately lift. Jerome's hair, which was darker than when he was a boy, was brushed carefully into a thick crest over his white forehead, which had, like a child's, a bold and innocent fulness of curve at the temples. He had not usually much color, but that night his cheeks were glowing, and his black eyes, commonly somewhat stern from excess of earnestness, were brilliant with the joy of youth.

Mrs. Edwards looked at one, then the other, with the delighted surprise of a mother-bird who sees her offspring in their first gayety of full plumage. She picked a thread from Jerome's coat, she put back a stray lock of Elmira's hair, she bade them turn this way and that.

When they had started she hitched her chair close to the window, pressed her forehead against the glass, looked out, and watched the white flutter of Elmira's skirts until they disappeared in the dark folds of the night.

There was, that night, a soft commotion of air rather than any distinct current of wind, like a gentle heaving and subsidence of veiled breasts of nature. The tree branches spread and gloomed with deeper shadows; mysterious white things with indeterminate motions were seen aloof across meadows or in door-yards, and might have been white-clad women, or flowering bushes, or ghosts.

Jerome and Elmira, when one of these pale visions seemed floating from some shadowy gateway ahead, wondered to each other if this or that girl were just starting for the party; but when they drew near the whiteness yet stirred at the gate, and was only a bush of bridal-wreath. Jerome and Elmira were really the last on the road to the party; Upham people went early to festivities.

"It is very late," Elmira said, nervously. She held up her white skirts, ruffling softly to the wind, with both hands, lest they trail the dewy grass, and flew along like a short-winged bird at her brother's side. "Please walk faster, Jerome," said she.

"We'll have time enough there," returned Jerome, stepping high and gingerly, lest he soil his nicely blacked shoes.

"It will be dreadful to go in late and have them all looking at us, Jerome."

"What if they do look at us?" Jerome argued, manfully, but he was in reality himself full of nervous tremors. Sometimes, to a soul with a broad outlook and large grasp, the great stresses of life are not as intimidating as its small and deceitful amenities.

When they reached Squire Merritt's house, and saw all the windows, parallelograms of golden light, shining through the thick growth of trees, his hands and feet were cold, his heart beat hard. "I'm acting like a girl," he thought, indignantly, straightened himself, and marched on to the front door as if it were the postern of a fortress.

But Elmira caught her brother by the long blue coat tail, and brought him to a stand.

"Oh, Jerome," she whispered, "there are so many there, and we are so late! I'm afraid to go in."

"What are you afraid of?" demanded Jerome, with a rustic brusqueness which was foreign to him. "Come along." He pulled his coat away and strode on, and Elmira had to follow.

The front door of Squire Merritt's house stood open into the hall, the night was so warm; some girls in white were coming down the wide spiral of stair within, pressing softly together like scared white doves, in silence save for the rustle of their starched skirts. From the great rooms on either side of the hall, however, came the murmur of conversation, with now and then a silvery break of laughter, like a sudden cascade in an even current.

Flower-decked heads and silken gleaming shoulders passed between the windows and the light, outlining vividly every line and angle and curve, the keen cut of profiles, the scallops of perked-up lace, the sharp dovetails of ribbons. Before one window was upreared the great back and head of a man, still as a statue, yet with the persistency of stillness, of life. That dogged stiffness which betrays the utter self-abasement of rusticity in fine company was evident in his pose even to one coming up the path. This party at Squire Merritt's was democratic, including many whose only experiences in social gatherings of their neighbors had come through daily labor and worship. All the young people in Upham had been invited; the Squire's three boon companions, Doctor Prescott and his wife, and the minister and his daughter were the only elders bidden, since the party was for Lucina.

"The door's open," Elmira whispered, nervously. "Is it right to knock when the door's open, or walk right in? Oh, Jerome!"

Jerome, for answer, stepped resolutely in, reached the knocker, raised it, and let it fall with an imperious clang of brass, defying, as it were, his own shyness like a herald-at-arms.

The white-clad girls on the stairs turned as with one accord their innocently abashed faces toward the door, then pushed one another on and into the parlor with soft titters and whispers.

Squire Eben Merritt's old servant Hannah, gravely ponderous in purple delaine, with a wide white apron enhancing her great front, came forward from the room in the rear and motioned Jerome and Elmira to the stairs. She stared wonderingly after Jerome; she did not recognize him in his fine attire, though she had known him since he was a child.

When Jerome and Elmira came down stairs, he led the way at once into the north parlor, where the most of the guests were assembled. There were the village young women in their best attire, decked as to heads and bosoms with sweet drooping flowers, displaying all their humble stores of lace and ribbons and trinkets, jostling one another with slurring hisses of silk and crisp rattle of muslins, speaking affectedly with pursed lips, ending often a sibilant with a fine whistle, or silent, with mouths set in conscious smiles and cheeks hot with blushes.

There were the village young men, in their Sunday clothes, standing aloof from the girls, now and then exchanging remarks with one another in a bravado of low bass.

In the rear of the north parlor were Lucina and her parents, Mrs. Doctor Prescott and Lawrence, Miss Camilla Merritt, and the Squire's friends, Colonel Lamson, John Jennings, and Lawyer Means.

Jerome, with Elmira following, made his way slowly through the outskirts toward this fine nucleus of the party. Lawrence Prescott was talking gayly with Lucina, but when he saw Jerome and his sister approaching he stood back, with a slight flush and start, beside his mother, who, with Miss Camilla, was seated on the great sofa between the north windows. Mrs. Prescott fanned herself slowly with a great feather fan, and beamed abroad with a sweet graciousness. Her handsome face seemed fairly to shed a mild light of approval upon the company. She stirred with opulent foldings of velvet, shaking out vague musky odors; a brooch in the fine lace plaits over her high maternal bosom gave out a dull white gleam of old brilliants. Mrs. Prescott was more sumptuously attired than the Squire's wife in her crimson and gold shot silk, which became her well but was many seasons old, or than Miss Camilla in her grand purple satin, that also was old, but so well matched to her own grace of age that it seemed like the garment of her youth, which had faded, like it, in sweet communion with peaceful thoughts and lavender and rose leaves.

Squire Eben Merritt stood between his wife and daughter. Lucina had fastened a pretty posy in his button-hole, and he wore his fine new broadcloths which he had bought for this occasion to please her.

The Squire, though scarcely at home in his north parlor, or in his grand apparel which had never figured in haunts of fish or game, was yet radiant with jovial and hearty hospitality, nor even impatient, for the cards and punch awaited him and his friends in the other room, when his social duties should be fulfilled.

Lucina herself had set out the cards and the tobacco, and made a garland of myrtle leaves and violets for the punch-bowl in honor of the occasion. "I want you to have the best time of anybody at my party, father," she had said; "and as soon as all the guests have arrived you must go with Colonel Lamson and the others." No other in the whole world, not even her mother, did Lucina love as well as she loved her father, and the comfort and pleasure of no other had she so deeply at heart.

At the Squire's elbow, standing faithfully by him until he should get his release, were his three friends, John Jennings and Lawyer Means in their ancient swallow-tails—John Jennings's being of renowned London make, though nobody in Upham appreciated that—and Colonel Jack Lamson in his old dress uniform. Colonel Lamson, having grown stouter of late years, wore with a mighty discomfort of the flesh, but an unyielding spirit, his old clothes of state.

"I'll be damned if I thought I could get into 'em at first, Eben," he had told the Squire when he arrived. "Haven't had them on since I was pall-bearer at poor Jim Pell's funeral. I was bound to do your girl honor; but I'll be damned if I'll dance in 'em—I tell you it wouldn't be safe, Eben."

The Colonel looked with intense seriousness at his friend, then laughed hoarsely. His laugh was always wheezy of late, and he breathed hard when he took exercise.

Sometime in his dim and shady past Colonel Lamson was reported to have had a wife. She had never been seen in Upham, and was commonly believed to have died at some Western post during the first years of their marriage. Probably the beautiful necklace of carved corals which the Colonel had brought that night for a present to Lucina had belonged to that long-dead young wife; but not even the Squire knew.

As for John Jennings, he had never had a wife, and the trinkets he had bestowed upon sweethearts remained still in his keeping; but he brought a pair of little pearl ear-rings for Lucina, and never wore his diamond shirt button again. Lawyer Eliphalet Means brought for his offering a sandal-wood fan, a veritable lace-work of wood, spreading it himself in his lean brown hand, which matched in hue, and eying it with a sort of dryly humorous satisfaction before he gave it into Lucina's keeping.

Squire Eben, despite his gratification for his daughter's sake, burst into a great laugh. "By the Lord Harry!" cried he, "you didn't go into a shop yourself and ask for that folderol?"

"Got it through a sea-captain from India years ago," replied the lawyer, laconically.

"Wouldn't she take it?" inquired Colonel Lamson, with sly meaning, his round protruding eyes staring hard at his friend and the fan.

"Never gave her the chance," said Means, with a shrewd twinkle. Then he had turned to Lucina, with a stiff but courtly bow, and presented the sandal-wood fan, and not one of them knew then, nor ever after, its true history.

Lucina had joyfully heard the clang of the knocker when Jerome arrived, thinking that there were the last guests and her father could have his pleasure. Doctor Prescott had been called to Granby and would not come until late, if at all; the minister, it was reported, was ill with influenza. She and her mother had agreed that the Squire need not wait for them.

When Lucina saw the throng parting for the new-comers she assumed involuntarily her pose of sweet and gracious welcome; but when Jerome and his sister stood before her, she started and lost composure.

Lucina remembered Elmira well enough, and had thought she remembered Jerome since last Sunday, when her father had chidden her lightly for not speaking to him, calling to mind their frequent meetings in years back.

"He has grown and changed so, father," Lucina had said. "I did not mean to be discourteous, and I will remember him another time."

Lucina had really considered with herself afterwards, saying nothing to her father or her mother, that the young man was very handsome. She had sat quite still that Sunday afternoon in the meeting-house, and instead of listening to the sermon, had searched her memory for old pictures of Jerome. She had recalled distinctly the tea-drinking in her aunt Camilla's arbor, his refusal of cake, and his gift of sassafras root in the meadow, also his repulse of her childish generosity when she would have given him her little savings for the purchase of shoes. Old stings of the spirit can often be revived with thought even when the cause is long passed. Lucina, sitting there in meeting, felt again the pang of her slighted benevolence. She was sure that she would remember Jerome at once the next time they met, but for a minute she did not. She bowed and shook hands prettily with Elmira, then turned to Jerome and stared at him, all unmindful of her manners, thinking vaguely that here was some grand young gentleman who had somehow gotten into her party unbidden.

Such a fool do externals make of memory, which needs long training to know the same bird in different feathers.

Lucina stared at Jerome, at first with grave and innocent wonder; then suddenly her eyes drooped and a soft blush crept over her face and neck and even her arms. Lucina, in her short-sleeved India-muslin gown, flowing softly from its gathering around her white shoulders to her slender waist, where a blue ribbon bound it, and thence in lines of transparent lights and blue shadows to her little pointed satin toe, stood before him with a sort of dumb maiden appealing that he should not look at her so; but he was helpless, as with a grasp of vision which he could not loosen.

Jerome looked at her as the first man might have looked at the first woman—the world was empty but for him and her.

And then Lucina courtesied low, with her fair curls drooping forward over her blushing face and neck, which were as pink as her corals; and Jerome bowed and strove to say something, but he knew not what, and never knew what he said, nor anybody else.

"'Twas the new clothes, boy," said the Squire, in his ear. "By the Lord Harry! 'twas much as ever I knew you myself at first! I took you for an earl over from the old country. Lucina meant no harm. Go you now and have a talk with her."

Jerome wondered anxiously afterward if he had spoken properly to the Squire's wife, to Mrs. Doctor Prescott, to Miss Camilla and the others—if he had looked even at anybody but Lucina. He remembered the party as he might have remembered a kaleidoscope of which only one combination of form and color abided with him. He realized all beside as a broad effect with no detail. The card-playing and punch-drinking in the other room, the preliminary tuning of fiddles in the hall, the triumphant strains of a country dance, the weaving of the figures, the gay voices of the village youths—who lost all their abashedness as the evening went on—the supper, the table gleaming with the white lights of silver and the rainbow lustres of glass, the golden points of candles in the old candelabra, the fruity and spicy odors of cake and wine, were all as a dimness and vagueness of brilliance itself.

He did not know even that Lawrence Prescott was at Elmira's side all the evening, and after his father arrived, and that Elmira danced every time with him, and set people talking and Doctor Prescott frowning. He knew only

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

"HE KNEW ONLY THAT HE HAD FOLLOWED LUCINA ABOUT, AND THAT SHE SEEMED TO ENCOURAGE HIM."

that he had followed Lucina about, and that she seemed to encourage him with soft leading smiles; that they sat on a sofa in a corner behind a door, and talked; that once they stepped out on the stoop, and even strolled a little down the path, under the trees, when she complained of the room being hot and close. Then, without knowing whether he should do so or not, he bent toward her, with his arm crooked, and she slipped her hand in it, and they both trembled and were silent for a minute. He knew every word that Lucina had spoken, and gave a thousand different meanings to each. For the first time in his life he tasted the sweets of praise from girlish lips. Lucina had heard of his good deeds from her father, how kind he was to the poor and sick, how hard he had worked, how faithful he had been to his mother and sister. Jerome listened with bliss, and shame that he should find it bliss. Then Lucina and he remembered together, with that perfect time of memory which is as harmonious as any duet, all the episodes of their childhood.

"I remember how you gave me sassafras," said Lucina, "and how you would not take the nice gingerbread that Hannah made, and how I felt about it."

"I will get some more sassafras for you to-morrow," said Jerome.

"And I would give you some more gingerbread if you would take it," said she, with a sweet coquettishness.

"I will, if you want me to," said Jerome.

They were out in the front yard then; a gust of wind pressed under the trees and seemed to blow them together. Lucina's white muslin fluttered around Jerome's knees, her curls floated across his breast.

"Oh," murmured Lucina, confusedly, "this wind has come all of a sudden," and she stood apart from him.

"You will take cold; we had better go in," said Jerome. They went into the house, Jerome being a little hurt that Lucina had shrunk away from him so quickly, and Lucina disappointed that Jerome was so solicitous lest she take cold. Then they sat down again in the corner, and remembered that Jerome ate two pieces of cake at Miss Camilla's tea party, and she two and a half.

Somehow before the party broke up that night it was understood that Jerome was to come and see her the next Sunday night. And yet Lucina had not invited him, nor he asked permission to come.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JEROME'S mind during the two days after the party was in a sort of effervescence, and could not precipitate any clear ideas for his own understanding. Love had been so outside his calculation of life that his imagination even had scarcely grasped the possibility of it.

He worked on stolidly, having all the time before his mental vision, like one with closed eyes in a bright room, a shifting splendor as of strange scenes and clouds.

He could not sleep nor eat; his spirit seemed to inhabit his flesh so thoroughly as to do away with the material needs of it. Still, all things that appealed to his senses seemed enhanced in power, becoming so loud and so magnified that they produced a confusion of hearing and vision. The calls of the spring birds sounded as if in his very ear, with an insistence of meaning; the spring flowers bloomed where he had never seen them, and the fragrance of each was as evident to him as a voice.

Jerome wondered vaguely if this strange exaltation of spirit were illness. Sunday morning, when he could not eat his breakfast, his mother told him that there were red spots on his cheeks, and she feared he was feverish.

He laughed scornfully at the idea, but looked curiously at himself in his little square of mirror when he was dressing for meeting. The red spots were there, burning in his cheeks, and his eyes were brilliant. For a minute he wondered anxiously if he was feverish, if he were going to be ill, and if so, what his mother and sister would do. He even felt his own pulse as he stood there, and discovered that it was quick. Then all at once his face in the glass looked out at him with a flash as from some sub-state of consciousness in the depths of his own being which he could not as yet quite fathom.

"I don't know what ails me," he muttered, as he turned away. He felt as he had done when puzzling over the unknown quantity in an algebraic equation. It was not until he was sitting in meeting, looking forward at Lucina's fair profile, cut in clear curves like a lily, that the solution came to him.

"I'm what they call in love," Jerome said to himself. He turned very pale and looked away from Lucina. He felt as if suddenly he had come to the brink of some dread abyss of nature.

"That is why I want to go to see her to-night," he thought. "I won't go. I won't."

Just before the bell stopped tolling Doctor Prescott's family went up the aisle in stately file, the Doctor marching ahead with an imperious state which seemed to force contributions from followers and beholders, as if a peacock were to levy new eyes for his plumage from all admirers along his path. The Doctor's wife, in her satins and Indian cashmeres, followed him, moving with massive gentleness, a long ostrich plume in her bonnet tossing softly. Last came Lawrence, slight and elegantly erect, in his city broadcloth and linen, a figure so like his father as to seem almost his double, and yet with a difference, beyond that of age, so palpable that a child might see it—a self-spelled word, with a different meaning in the same language.

The Merritt pew was just behind Doctor Prescott's. Lawrence had not been seated long before he turned slightly and cast a smiling glance around at beautiful Lucina, who inclined her head softly in response. Jerome had thus far never felt on his own account jealousy of any human being; he had also never been made ignominious by self-pity; now both experiences came to him. Seeing that look of Lawrence Prescott's, he was suddenly filled with that bitterness of grudging another the sweet which one desires for one's self which is like no other bitterness on earth, and he who had hitherto pitied only the deprivations of others pitied his own, and so became the pauper of his own spirit. "He likes her," he told himself; "of course she'll like him. He's Doctor Prescott's son. He's got everything without working for it—I've got nothing."

Jerome looked at neither of them again. When meeting was over he strode rapidly down the aisle, lest he encounter them.

"What ailed you in meeting, Jerome?" Elmira asked, as they were going home.

"Nothing."

"You looked so pale once I thought you were going to faint away."

"I tell you nothing ailed me."

"You were dreadfully pale," persisted Elmira. She was so happy that morning that she had more self-assertion than usual. Lawrence Prescott had looked around at her three times; he had smiled at her once, when he turned to leave the pew at the close of meeting. Jerome had not noticed, as she had not noticed Lawrence's smile at Lucina. She had been too fluttered to look up when Lawrence first entered.

That afternoon Jerome and Elmira set out for meeting again, but when they reached the turn of the road Jerome stopped.

"I guess I won't go this afternoon," said he.

"Why, what's the matter; don't you feel well?" Elmira asked.

"Yes, I feel well enough, but it's warm. I guess I won't go." Elmira still stared at him wonderingly. "Run along; you'll be late," said he, trying to smile.

"I'm afraid you are sick, Jerome."

"I tell you I am not. You'll be late."

Finally Elmira went on, though with many backward glances. Jerome sat down on the stone wall, behind a huge growth of lilac. He could see through a leafy screen the people in the main road wending their way to meeting. He had suddenly resolved not to go lest he see Lucina Merritt again.

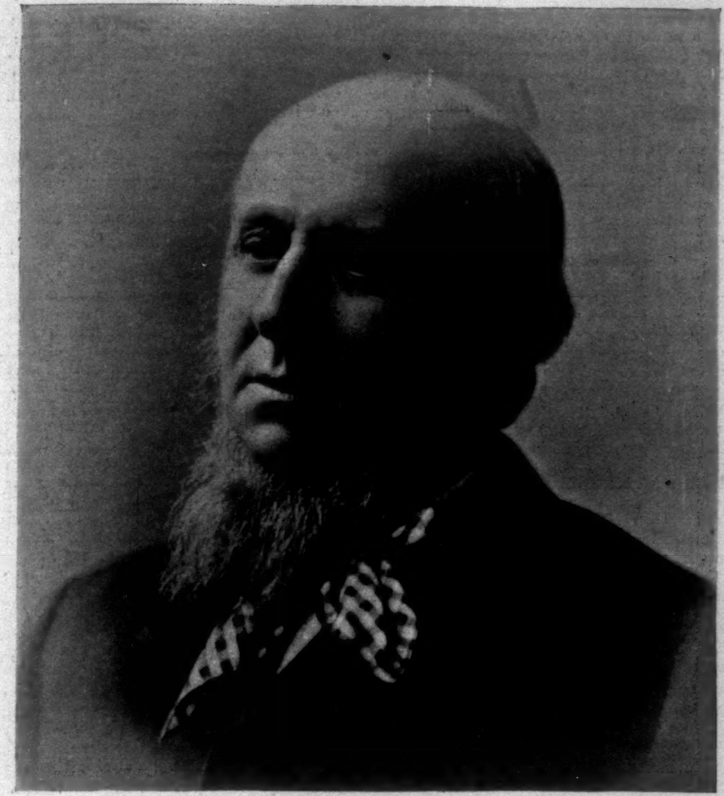
Presently there was out in the main road a graceful swing of light skirts and a gliding of shoulders and head which made his heart leap. Lucina was going to meeting with her mother. The moment she stirred the distance with dim advance of motion, Jerome knew her. It seemed to him that he would have known her shadow among a night full, her step among a thousand. It was as if he had developed ultimate senses for her recognition.

Jerome, when he had once glimpsed her, looked away until he was sure that she had passed. When the bell had stopped ringing, he arose and climbed over the stone wall; then across a field to the path skirting the poorhouse, which he had used to follow to school.

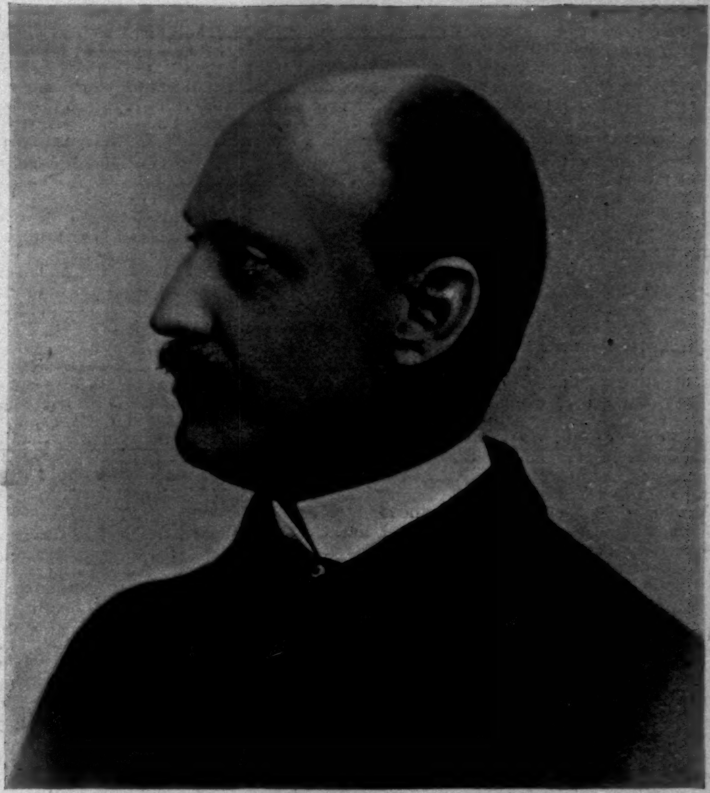
When he came opposite the poorhouse in the hollow he looked down at it. The day was so mild that the paupers were swarming into evidence like insects. Many of the house windows were wide open, and old heads, with palsied nods like Chinese toys, appeared in them. Some children were tumbling about before the door.

Old Peter Thomas, who seemed to have become crystallized, as it were, in age and decrepitude, and advanced no further in either, was pottering around the garden, eying askant the new plough furrows, like an old robin. Pauper women humped their calico backs over the green slopes of the fields, searching for dandelion greens, but not digging, because it was Sunday.

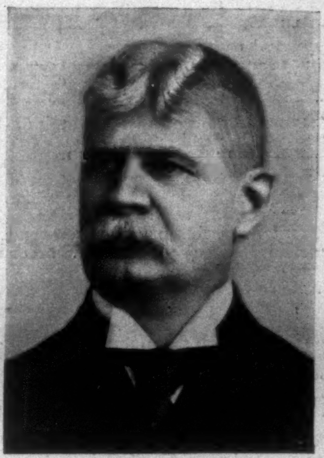
Their shrill plaintive voices calling to one another came



JAMES BURRILL ANGELL,
Minister to Turkey.

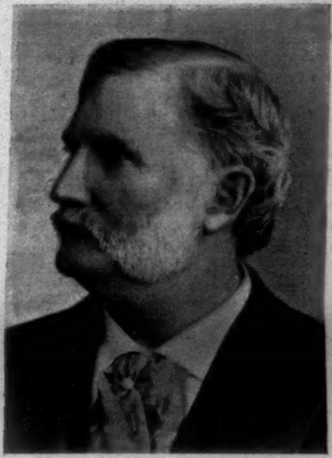


CHARLEMAGNE TOWER,
Minister to Austria-Hungary.



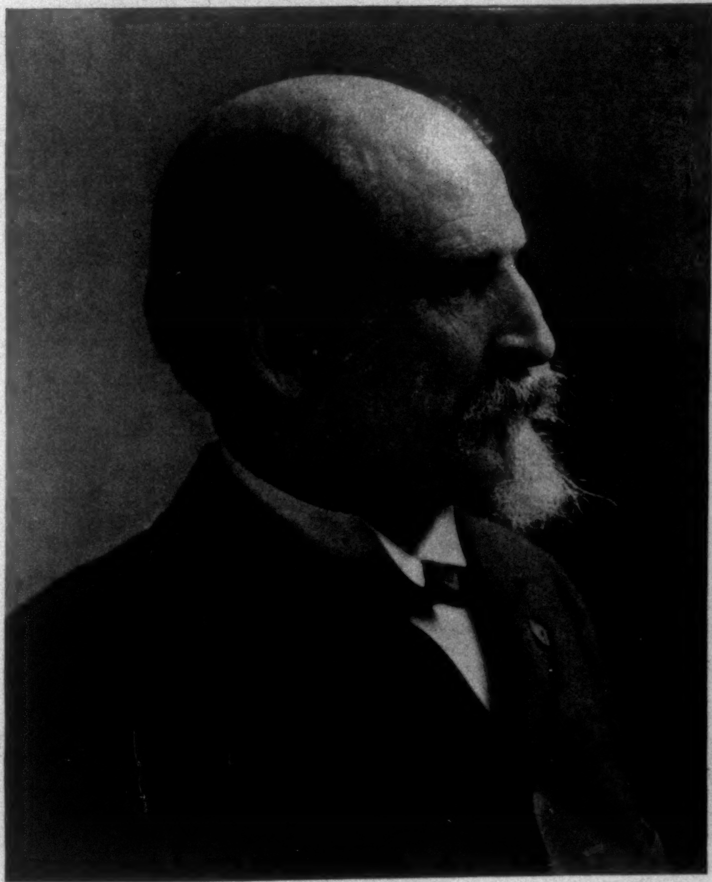
GENERAL ELISHA DYER,
Governor-Elect of Rhode Island.

HENRY CLAY EVANS,
Commissioner of Pensions.

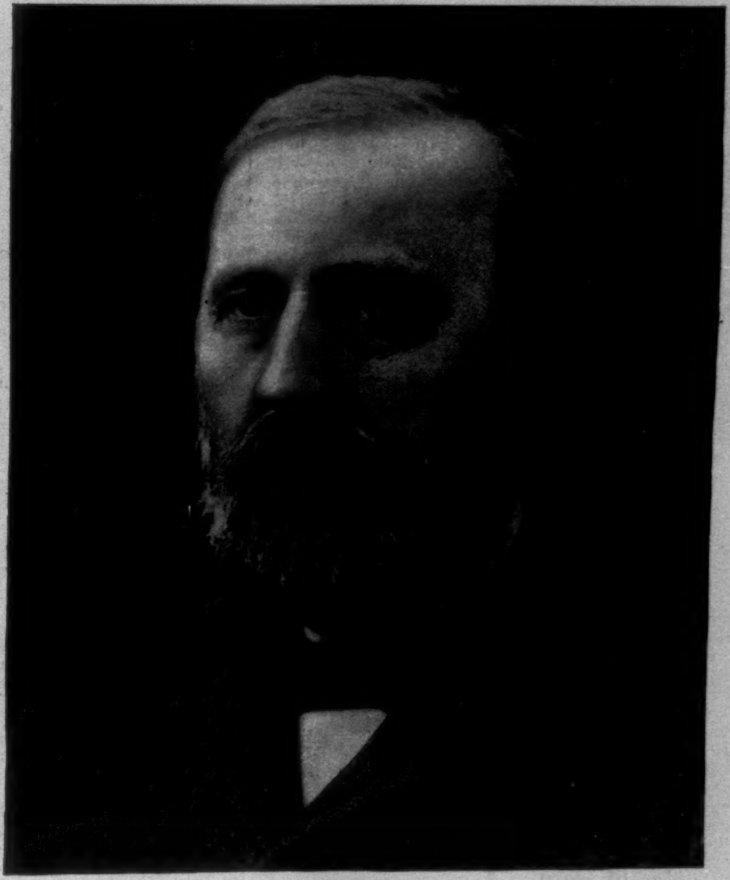


BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH,
Commissioner of Patents.
Photographed by Bell.

BINGER HERMANN,
Commissioner of the General Land Office.
Photographed by Bell.



GENERAL POWELL CLAYTON,
Minister to Mexico.



ALFRED E. BUCK,
Minister to Japan.

MEN RECENTLY CHOSEN FOR DIPLOMATIC AND OTHER PUBLIC OFFICE.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

plainly to Jerome. When he reached the barn, there sat Mindy Toggs, as of old, chanting his accusatory refrain, "Simon Bassett, Simon Bassett."

Hitherto Jerome had viewed all this humiliation of poverty from a slight, but no less real, eminence of beneficence; to-day he had a miserable sense of community with it. "It is not having what we want that makes us all paupers," he told himself, bitterly. "I'm in a worse poor-house than the town of Upham's. I'm in the poorhouse of life, where the paupers are all fed on stones."

Then suddenly, as he went on, a brave spirit of revolt seized him. "It is wanting what we have not that makes us paupers," he said, "and I will not be one, if I tear my heart out."

Jerome climbed another stone wall into a shrubby pasture, and went across that to a pine wood, and thence by devious windings and turnings through field and forest to his old woodland. It was his now; he had purchased that back from the Squire, besides paying his mortgage. Then he sat himself down and looked about him out of his silence and self-absorption, and it was as if he had come into a very workshop of Nature. The hummings of her wheels and wings were loud in his ear, the fanning of them cool on his cheek. The wood here was very light and young, and the spring sun struck the roots of the trees.

Little swarms of gossamer gnats danced in the sunlit spaces; when he looked down, there was the blue surprise of violets, and anemones nodding out of low shadows. There was a loud shrilling of birds, and the tremulousness of young leaves seemed to be as much from unseen wings as wind. However, the wind blew hard in soft frequent gusts, and everything was tilting and bowing and waving.

Jerome looked at it all, and it had a new meaning for him. The outer world is always tinctured more or less to the sight by one's mental states; but who can say, when it comes to outlooks from the keenest stresses of spirit, how impalpable the boundary-lines between beholder and object may grow? Who knows if a rose does not really cease to be in its own sense to a soul in an extreme of joy or grief?

Whatever it might be for others, the spring wood was not to-day what it had ever been before to Jerome. All its shining and sweetening and growing were so forced into accord with himself that the whole wood took, as it were, the motion of his own soul. Jerome looked at a fine young poplar-tree, and saw not a tree, but a maid revealing with innocent helplessness her white body through her skirts of transparent green. The branches flung out toward him like a maiden's arms with shy intent of caresses. Every little flower upon which his idle gaze fell was no flower, but an eye of love; a bird called to his mate with the call of his own heart. Every sight and sound and sweetness of the wood wooed and tempted him with the reflex motion of his own new ardor of love and passion. He had not gone to meeting lest he see Lucina Merritt again, and wished to drive her image from his mind, and here he was peopling his solitude with symbols of her which were bolder than she and made his hunger worse to bear.

A childlike wonder was over him at the whole. "Why haven't I ever felt this way before?" he thought. He recalled all the young men he knew who had married during the last few years, and thought how they must have felt as he felt now, and he had had no conception of it. He had been secretly rather proud that he had not encumbered himself with a wife and children, but had given his best strength to less selfish loves. He remembered his scorn of the schoolmaster and his adoring girls, and realized that his scorn had been due, as scorn largely is, to ignorance. Instead of contempt, a fierce pity seized him for all who had given way to this great need of love, and yet he felt strange indignation and shame that he himself had come into the common lot.

"It is no use; I can't," he said, quite out loud, and set a hard face against all the soft lights and shadows which moved upon him with the motion of his own desires.

When he said "I can't," Jerome meant not so much any ultimate end of love as love itself. He never for a second had a thought that he could marry Lucina Merritt, Squire Eben Merritt's daughter, nor, indeed, would if he could. He never fancied that that fair lady in her silk attire could come to love him so unwisely as to wed him; and had he fancied it, the fierce revolt at receiving so much where he could give so little, which was one of his first instincts, would have seized him. Never once he thought that he could marry Lucina, and take her into his penury or profit by her riches. All he resolved against was the love itself, which would make him weak with the weakness of all unfed things, and he made a stand of rebellion.

"I'm going to put her out of my mind," said Jerome, and stood up to his full height among the sweet spring growths, flinging back his head as if he defied Nature herself, pushed rudely through the tremulous outreaching poplar branches, and elbowed a cluster of white-flowering bushes, huddling softly together like maidens who must put themselves in a man's way, though to their own shaming.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

When in 1699 the founder of New Orleans was sent by his brother Sanvalle, then Governor of Louisiana, to explore the St. Louis (now the Mississippi) River, he found it in much the same condition of overflow as to-day—with this difference, however, that it was then thoroughly wild, and no attempt had been made to harness or control it. It was almost as big as the Amazon at its mouth, from twenty to sixty miles wide, where now it is only half a mile from bank to bank. The entire country bordering it was under water, nearly uninhabited, and uninhabitable save the few shell banks and chenières which rose above the flood, and upon which resided a few Indians, living mainly by fishing.

In the midst of this inland sea, at a point nearly 100 miles from the mouth of the river, Bienville found a piece of land which rose well above the flood. Concluding that it was too high ever to be overflowed, he selected it in his mind as the site of the city he was to build, and which he hoped to make the future capital of Louisiana. Two miles back of the river was a small settlement of Houma Indians, on what is now known as Metairie Ridge. It might be well to explain that a ridge in the lowlands of Louisiana is very different from the Blue Ridge and Pine Ridge known to other parts of the country, and that Metairie Ridge rises exactly four feet above the surrounding country, by an ascent so slow as to be invisible to the naked eye. The east Baton Rouge highlands are similarly sixteen feet, and Mount Houmas twenty feet, high. The Houmas of Metairie Ridge confirmed Bienville in his idea that the site of New Orleans had never been overflowed by the river; and as soon as he was appointed Governor, and able to make the change, he moved his capital from the sand hills of Biloxi to the banks of the Mississippi.

Either these Indians made a great mistake, or the great river, angered and alarmed by the arrival of the whites, worked itself into unusual fury, for in 1718 the colonists found it necessary to do something to keep the water out of their houses. It was then that Sieur le Blond de la Tour, Knight of St. Louis and Chief Engineer of Louisiana, built the first levee, only a few feet high and only a mile long. He might have pursued the safer American plan of raising the city and filling in the land, adopted at Chicago, Galveston, and Cairo; and he certainly never knew that his little mud dike would fasten the levee policy on the lower Mississippi Valley for two centuries to come, and cause the serious problem with which it is confronted to-day.

The city front of New Orleans is now eight feet below the flood level of the river. The land slopes back towards Lake Pontchartrain, and at Broad Street, the geographical centre of the city, the land is twenty-four feet below the Mississippi as it stands now. That street is actually below the level of the ocean, the Mississippi not having completed the task of building up the city with its mud when Bienville took possession. It can be seen from this why New Orleans has to be bailed out like the hold of a vessel, and why its drainage system and its sewage system call for those large steam-pumps to be continually at work pumping the drainage water and sewage up and out of the city.

Here is a difference of from fifteen to eighteen feet as between the levees of the Mississippi River and New Orleans which has taken place in the last two centuries. To what is it due? Is the city sinking, or the river raising its bed and its flood-line?

It is only during the last few years that this idea of sinking has been entertained and proved, for the sinking has been so slow as to be appreciable only when tested at long intervals of time. The disappearance of the old French fort which protected the Balize entrance to the Mississippi puzzled the historians and archæologists, until the fort was discovered one day at the bottom of a small bay into which it had sunk with the surrounding land. This sinking of the land into the Gulf of Mexico is going on all the time, and is slow, and not like that subsidence which comes with an earthquake.

The levee idea of Sieur le Blond de la Tour was adopted by New Orleans, and from that city spread over the entire lower Mississippi Valley. Governor Périer built thirty-two miles of levee, in 1727, above and below the city, and from that time to this the people of Louisiana and neighboring States have been busily engaged in building levees not only along "the father of waters," but all its tributaries. For a time they seemed to afford all the protection needed, but towards the end of the last century, for some reason which the Louisiana colonists could not then understand, but which is perfectly plain to us today, the Mississippi became suddenly unmanageable, and flood after flood swept down. In 1780, 1782, 1785, 1791, 1796, and 1799 there were crevasses and overflows, and New Orleans was under water four times. American colonists were crossing the Alleghanies and settling on the Ohio and its tributaries, cutting down the virgin forests there, opening and draining the land, and enabling the rainfall to pour into the Ohio in much shorter time than when the country was in "a state of nature," causing freshets in that stream, and high water and floods in the Mississippi below. Had the Louisiana creoles been aware of the cause of these overflows which so annoyed them and entailed such heavy losses on them, and had they foreseen the settlement of the great Mississippi Valley above, they would probably not have tried to confine the Mississippi within so narrow a channel as they did, or attempted to force the drainage of 1,257,545 square miles of territory through a river less than half a mile wide at New Orleans.

The increasing floods have compelled the raising of these levees from time to time. They were raised in 1874 and again in 1886, when they were considered safe against any floods that could occur; but from this feeling of security and confidence New Orleans was rudely awakened in 1890, when the river ran freely over the top of the levee, and the city was saved from an unpleasant wash-out only by raising another levee above the old one by piling sacks of earth thereon. There was such a scare over this episode that the Louisiana Legislature was appealed to, and the Orleans Levee Board was created, and a levee tax raised to improve the city dikes. The board went to work at once to carry out the plan recommended by City Engineer Bell in 1874, to build a mud wall around New Orleans like that Romulus and Remus constructed around "the eternal city." This mud wall was to be 20 feet high, and from 60 to 120 feet at its base. The standard agreed on was three feet above the danger-line, the highest flood-line known before—that of 1890. The engineers generally agreed that the river had reached its maximum, and that there need be no fear that it would ever break the record of 1890. The engineers forgot to take into consideration the fact that the process of settling the upper portion of the Mississippi Valley is still going on, and that the maximum flood cannot be determined until the entire valley is settled, drained, and cultivated. The river at New Orleans has already this year broken the maximum of 1890, and is likely to go considerably higher. To meet this unexpected rise, the levees have been hurriedly raised three feet by the old process of piling sacks of earth on top of them. In front of New Orleans to-day, and for miles above and below that city, the Mississippi is pouring its flood to the ocean through two parallel lines of sacks of earth, which alone prevent the land from overflow.

The contest between the people and the Mississippi has been going on for two centuries. A careful investigation into the flood of 1882 showed that from Memphis to the Gulf it overflowed 14,081,000 acres of land, that 402,100 people lived in the overflowed section, many of whom had to be fed by the Federal and State governments, and that the actual destruction of property, leaving out of consideration all contingencies, estimates, etc., was $27,088,000. Since 1866, the account of the alluvial districts with the Mississippi River will stand as follows:

To the building and maintenance of levees......	$57,557,600
To crevasses and losses from overflow............	113,334,000
Total cost of the river............	$170,891,600

This is a big bill to pay, a heavy drain on the resources of the country liable to overflow—particularly when it is seen, in the case of this year's experience, how little practical benefit has been accomplished.

If the Mississippi would run in the same bed year after year, it would be possible to build levees so large and strong as to resist its fury; but it will not do so. It has a vagabond disposition, and loves to roam. One-third of the levee-work and expense is due to the cut-offs made, changes of channel, etc. The levees can never be, like the dikes of Holland, permanent, until some way is found of keeping the Mississippi always in the same channel.

Moreover, the levees of the Mississippi are infested with enemies who destroy or devour them. The otters, muskrats, and minks which of old proved so troublesome have been largely got rid of, but the most dangerous of all, the crayfish, still remains—the dreadful foe of the Mississippi lowlands, against which its people could present a bill of damage for millions of dollars. From their mud-built towers they dig holes in every direction, riddling the levee like a sieve, honey-combing and undermining it. Thanks to them, a levee is unsafe in ten or twelve years, dangerous in twenty and needing rebuilding. The work of levee construction is therefore never over, and never will be until a curb is put upon the Mississippi and the crayfishes emigrate or are killed off.

The present high water, breaking all records in the matter of flood height, coming as it has done after the engineers had fixed a maximum beyond which the river could not or would not go, has naturally caused a feeling of apprehension among the million people who depend upon these dikes to prevent them from overflows and ruin.

A plan of improvement, specially favored just now by the people of Mississippi and Arkansas, and which will undoubtedly be energetically urged before Congress, is the proposition that the United States, recognizing the immensity of the Mississippi and its national character, shall take charge of and control its levees, as it has done already with its navigation, and from its abundant resources construct dikes strong enough to withstand any flood that may occur. In support of this demand, it is shown that Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi have tried to build levees of the required height and strength, but that their resources will not allow them to do so, and that even if they were rich enough, the limitation of their powers interferes with the work. Thus Louisiana is in constant danger of overflow from Arkansas crevasses, and is not safe, no matter how perfect its levee system may be. It has been compelled at times to solicit the favor from the Arkansas Legislature of being allowed to contribute out of its own treasury for the construction of levees in that State.

The riparian counties, rich as they are, have strained their resources to the uttermost to build and to keep up the levees. In Louisiana there is a State levee tax, a district levee tax, a levee tax on acreage which every foot of ground protected by the levees has to pay, and a produce levee tax on every pound of cotton, rice, sugar, or potatoes raised. In some of the Louisiana parishes the total of these taxes reaches four and a half per cent. on the assessed value of property. In Mississippi the produce levee tax has been as high as four dollars a bale on cotton, or eight per cent., a very heavy tithe to pay.

It will be seen, from what has been said here, that the problem of the Mississippi and the protection of the delta from overflow is likely to come prominently before Congress and the country, as a result of the present floods, as it has never been before; and that the demand will be made that some definite action be taken to end the chaos and confusion which now exist. The Mississippi problem promises to be as important and as pressing as the questions of finance and tariff which the country has discussed for some years past, and it ought to prove a more interesting topic. Norman Walker.

RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Charlemagne Tower, who has been chosen to represent us at Vienna, comes from Philadelphia, and is understood to owe his appointment to Senator Quay. He comes of a New England family which in the last generation migrated to central New York, where the family still has paternal acres and a country-seat at Waterville in Oneida County. Some of the newspapers which like to scoff at dignities have made fun of Mr. Tower's rather high-sounding name. It is a very effective name, and he came honestly by it, having inherited it from his father. The elder Tower died six or seven years ago. The son inherited from him a very large fortune and highly important business associations. He is a well educated, and even an accomplished man, besides being experienced in business. He was graduated from Harvard in 1872, travelled four years abroad, and was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia in 1878. From 1882 to 1887 he lived at Duluth, Minnesota, and busied himself with the development of iron interests. Since then he has lived in Philadelphia, where he is a member of several learned societies and a director of important corporations. He is an LL.D. of Lafayette College, and the author of a work entitled, *The Marquis of Lafayette in the American Revolution*. Mr. Tower's appointment has occasioned some surprise, because he has never appeared visibly in public or political life. It appears, however, that he had found opportunity to be useful to the Republican party in Pennsylvania. There seems no reason to doubt that he will be acceptable and efficient as minister to Vienna.

General Powell Clayton, who is to be minister to Mexico, is one of a family of four brothers who have been Republicans of conspicuous note in the Democratic State of Arkansas. Three of them are living, of whom at least two were delegates to the St. Louis convention and voted for McKinley. The fourth was that John M. Clayton

who was shot dead in 1887 as the result of a political feud. General Clayton was born in Philadelphia in 1833, studied civil engineering, and went in 1855 to Leavenworth, Kansas, to practise that profession. When the war broke out he raised a company and went to the front. He served with distinction, reached the rank of brigadier-general, and when the war was over bought a plantation in Jefferson County, Arkansas, where he lived until he was elected Governor in 1868. In 1871 he was elected United States Senator, and served six years. At present he lives at Eureka Springs, and is president of the Eureka Springs Railway, and manager of the company which conducts the Eureka Springs Hotel.

Henry Clay Evans, of Tennessee, whom the President has chosen to be Commissioner of Pensions, is, like General Clayton, a Northern man who first went South with the Union army. He was born in Juniata County, Pennsylvania, in 1843, moved to Wisconsin, and enlisted from that State early in the war. After the war he settled in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and has lived there ever since. He is an iron-manufacturer. He has twice been elected Mayor of his city, and in 1889 was sent to Congress from the Chattanooga district. Being defeated for re-election in 1890, he was appointed First Assistant Postmaster-General by President Harrison. In 1894 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of Tennessee. He was a supporter of McKinley for President at the St. Louis convention, and was influential in giving him the vote of Tennessee. In the same convention he was himself a candidate for Vice-President, and received a large vote.

President James Burrill Angell, of the University of Michigan, who has been chosen to succeed Mr. Terrell as Minister to Turkey, is a man of learning, executive ability, and of a remarkably varied experience of affairs. He is descended from an ancestor who went with Roger Williams from Massachusetts to Rhode Island and helped to found the colony. He was born in Scituate, Rhode Island, in 1829, and was graduated from Brown University in 1850. After his return from Europe, where he staid three years, he spent seven years as Professor of Modern Languages at Brown, meanwhile contributing to the Providence *Journal*. From 1860 until 1866 he had editorial charge of the *Journal* during the absence of its editor, Senator Anthony, in Washington. In 1866 he was chosen President of the University of Vermont, and in 1871 became President of the University of Michigan. Early in 1880 he was appointed Minister to China by President Hayes, his special errand being to negotiate a new treaty bearing upon Chinese immigration to this country. This duty be discharged successfully, and resigned his office the following year. In 1887 he was appointed one of the commissioners to settle the fisheries dispute with Great Britain.

The most conspicuous passage in the career of Mr. Alfred E. Buck, of Georgia, our new Minister to Japan, seems to have been his timely effort to have Mr. McKinley made President. Ever since Major McKinley was first suggested as a Presidential candidate, Colonel Buck has been for him with all his might, and when the critical time came he showed devotion and efficiency in persuading the Georgia delegates that Mr. McKinley was a likelier man for President than Mr. Thomas Reed. Colonel Buck was born in 1832, in Foxcroft, Maine. He made his own way through college, took high rank, and taught school afterwards. He went to the war, fought with credit, staid in the South, and in the carpet-bag days represented the Mobile (Alabama) districts in Congress. Later he went to Georgia, was clerk of the Federal Court at Atlanta, and afterwards served as United States Marshal for Georgia. He has been successful in business, and is a popular and influential citizen of Atlanta, where he lives.

Mr. Benjamin Butterworth, the new Commissioner of Patents, is an Ohio man, and represented the Cincinnati district in the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses. At the end of his last term he declined to be renominated, and became Solicitor-General and Secretary of the World's Fair at Chicago. The duties of this place took him to Europe, and kept him busy at home and abroad until after 1893. At present he lives in Washington, where he has practised law. In 1883 President Arthur appointed him Commissioner of Patents, a place he filled until he resigned to enter the Forty-ninth Congress.

Mr. Binger Hermann, of Oregon, who has been appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office, was born in Maryland in 1843, and moved in his later youth to Oregon, where he made his way as a lawyer and in political life. Since 1866 he has held many offices, elective and appointive, in his State. For twelve years preceding the 4th of last March he was a member of Congress.

General Elisha Dyer, of Providence, was elected Governor of Rhode Island on April 7 by an exceptionally large plurality. He is a veteran of the civil war, and lately served as Adjutant-General of Rhode Island. He is a Republican.

DR. NANSEN'S RECEPTION IN PARIS.

Up to now the French Geographical Society has only meant to me a lugubrious-looking building in the Faubourg St.-Germain, hung about with glazed charts.

This, however, is the luminous impression that suddenly burst upon my mind a few evenings ago in connection with the words "Geographical Society":

The enormous Salle des Fêtes of the Trocadéro, blazing with electric lights, with tier rising upon tier of seats packed with human beings—five, six, seven thousand—for the Salle des Fêtes seats from five to six thousand, and ten thousand tickets had been given out. People blocked the aisles and hung on by their eyebrows, and up to nine and ten o'clock men in evening dress and women in light toilets were thronging the corridors of the palace entrance only to be turned away.

On the platform was a long table covered with green cloth, at which, at half past eight o'clock, the following gentlemen took their places: the Norwegian minister, wearing a broad red ribbon, with orders, M. Duc; M. Rambaud, the French Minister of Public Instruction; M. Méline, the President of the Council; a lieutenant in uniform, representing the President of the republic; Admiral Besnard, Minister of the Navy; M. Lebon, Minister of the Colonies; Prince d'Arenburg; Prince Roland Bonaparte; and in the centre Dr. Nansen, wearing the broad red ribbon of the Order of St. Olaf and the collar and cross of chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, presented to him four hours before by President Faure.

Opposite, in the Presidential box, was Madame Félix Faure, with Madame Nansen at her right, and Mlle. Bolling, Dr. Nansen's half-sister, who lives in Paris, at her left; and as Nansen rose, with that vast audience made up of the French scientific world, the celebrities of arts and letters, the *tout Paris* of the boulevards and salons before him, to address them in *French*—a language which he does not know—I think he must have felt that a journey to the north pole was but a summer outing compared with the difficulties of the task ahead of him.

As a matter of fact, that is exactly what Nansen did think; he said so to a French reporter. I do not know of anything more characteristic of him, however, than the fact

(*Continued on page 424.*)

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION
is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

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[*A copy of this pamphlet by mail, free on application to Hall & Ruckel, New York.*]

Preparations for cleansing and purifying the mouth should be free from all acids, and contain, as one of the principal ingredients, an alkali to neutralize the acids and destroy the animal and vegetable parasites that are secreted by the fluids of the mouth. It has been found by microscopical examination that the secretions of almost every person's mouth contain more or less of vegetable and animal life that will withstand the application of acids and astringents, and will only succumb to alkalies. Every preparation, then, should contain this substance or its equivalent.

By no means use powdered charcoal or pumice-stone as a dentifrice. Not long since we had to remove the four upper incisors of a young lady who had been in the habit of using charcoal as a dentifrice.

(*To be continued week after next.*)

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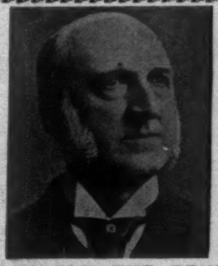
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THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.
A. R. Ledoux, Pres't.
Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

(*Continued from page 423.*)

that he did address this great Paris audience in French. It must have taken precisely the same qualities of energy, of will power, that it did to put through the polar voyage. One was impressed more than anything else by the absolute simplicity and lack of self-consciousness of the man. He had something to say that people wanted to hear; he would do his best to make them hear it; the thing was perfectly simple. I, sitting quite near him, a foreigner of course, understood every word he said. He spoke very carefully, pronouncing every word as he had learned it, and always correcting himself if he said a word wrong. "Nous étions entreprisonnés dans la glace," he said, and then went back and corrected himself, "—emprisonnés dans la glace."

There was the greatest enthusiasm in the house. The Parisians always manage to put a gayety, a bonhomie of their own into any function which by any chance they may call a fête. They love, above everything else, paradoxes, contrasts, new sensations; and nothing could have been more subtly paradoxical than the contrast between the spring evening, the intensely Parisian audience, in one sense the very quintessence of civilization, and the strange scenes of ice and snow flashed upon the screen.

The views were shown by one of the Frenchmen presiding, who made them still more effective by the witty note of *blague* with which he brought them into the range of subjects of the day. A view of glaciers and enormous needles of ice and snow flashes upon the great white sheet, with four footprints in the foreground. "Vue de printemps" (spring scene), announces the voice, trailing on the syllables with that little French touch that throws a droll irony into the words. A roar of laughter follows from the audience. "A promenade on the boulevards" showed Nansen and Johansen scaling an impossible-looking pass, with always the same endless perspective of snow and ice.

There were several speeches by Frenchmen; and then Prince Roland Bonaparte bestowed on Dr. Nansen the gold medal of the Geographical Society, at which the great Norwegian explorer looked pleased. Prince Roland Bonaparte is an undistinguished-looking man, with an ordinary face; but he is nevertheless a good prince, who deserves to be encouraged, for he gives all his money to the pursuit of science, and it was at his private palace after the Trocadéro that the unofficial reception to Nansen was held.

KATHARINE DE FOREST.

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM IN ENGLAND.

For nearly thirty years there have been no important changes in the English methods of regulating the liquor trade. In fact, the changes made in the course of a century are exceedingly few, and in its main features the English licensing system is pretty much in the condition that it was when the century opened. From 1828 to 1869 England tried the experiment of free trade in beer. For forty years almost anybody who liked could set up a beer-shop. But the experiment was a direful failure. In 1869 it was finally abandoned; not, however, without leaving disagreeable traces, which are easily discoverable to-day in every old English town. Wherever half a dozen squalid beer-houses stand side by side there is a monument of one of the most daring experiments ever made in regard to the liquor trade. In 1870 grocers were permitted to retail beer, and in 1874 the hours of closing of public-houses at nights and on Sundays were fixed by Parliament. These are the only important changes of the century. In other respects English public-houses are controlled by laws which were passed last century, and now, as then, the local magistrates appointed by the Lord Chancellor administer the licensing laws, and issue licenses for the retail sale of all intoxicating drink.

Quite recently the English people have been taking stock, as it were, of their licensing system. Lord Peel, the late Speaker of the House of Commons, is at the head of a royal commission which has been inquiring with much detail into the working of the licensing laws, with a view to discovering at what point they stand in need of amendment. The commission is one of the most interesting of the numerous royal commissions of the Queen's long reign. It has thrown much light on the social and economic changes which have been taking place in England during the last two or three generations.

Perhaps the most outstanding of these changes is that which has come over the beer trade itself. Two generations ago, except in London, brewing was still a domestic industry. Thousands of the old-fashioned inns brewed their own beer, and those inns which did not brew on the premises bought their supplies from brewing concerns usually owned by small and individual capitalists. To-day there are less than 9000 brewers in England, and some of these brewing concerns rank among the greatest industrial undertakings in the country. They are among the largest owners of real estate; many of them are in the banking business as well as in that of brewing. Formerly the inns and public-houses of England were owned by the people who occupied and managed them. To-day an inn of this kind is the exception. The great brewing concerns have purchased them all, and the inns have become what are known in England as tied houses. Their occupiers and managers are tenants at will, very much tenants at will, of the mammoth brewing concerns, and they are all compelled to buy their beers and liquors from the brewery to which the houses are tied.

With the economic change there has come a great change in the social character of English public-houses. They have approximated in structural arrangement and in their general character to the American liquor saloon. The long bar and the gaudy decorations have taken the place of the cozy bar parlor and the convivial although sometimes noisy tap-room. The old-time victualler department has disappeared. Nobody nowadays ever thinks of getting a meal in an ordinary public-house; and the sole reason for public-houses is to sell beer, the more of it the better. Even the quality of English beer is said to have deteriorated; for the tied-house plan gives a brewery a monopoly, and the managers of its houses have to take and sell whatever stuff in barrels is supplied to them from the concern to which the houses are tied. These changes in a measure account for the bogus clubs which exist in large numbers in most of the English cities. These clubs are a source of great trouble to the police; but one superintendent of police after another has assured Lord Peel's commission that nothing can be done with the bogus club until the police are vested with powers of search. They now exercise these powers with much freedom in connection with public-houses; but a club properly organized is, according to English law, as sacred from police intrusion as a dwelling-house.

One other point which the inquiries of the commission have brought out is that England has a Sunday-closing question which is as difficult to deal with as ever that problem has been in New York. During those hours on Sunday when by English law people are supposed to be at church, public-houses are closed. They are not closed, however, to any one who has journeyed three miles from home—to any one who thereby has become what the law describes as a *bona fide* traveller. As a consequence, in the suburbs of all the large cities there are scores of public-houses which are never really closed on Sunday, but are crowded all day long with professional *bona fide* travellers, a race of public-house frequenters who are the biggest humbugs known to English law.

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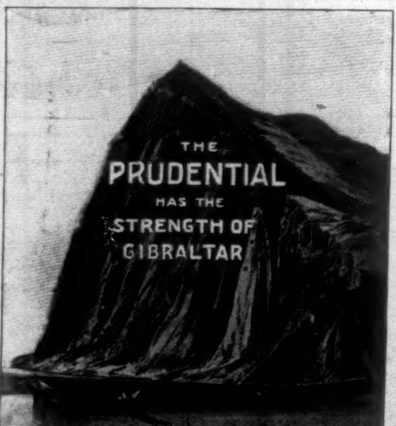

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Surplus	1,449,057	4,034,116	2,585,059
Income	6,703,631	14,158,445	7,454,813
Insurance in force . . .	157,560,342	320,453,483	162,893,141
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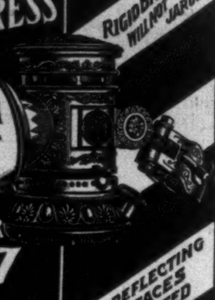

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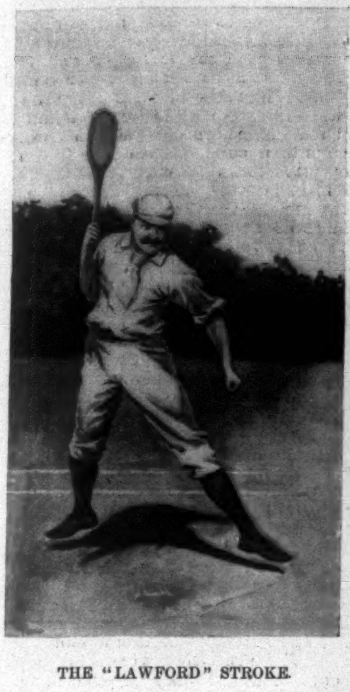
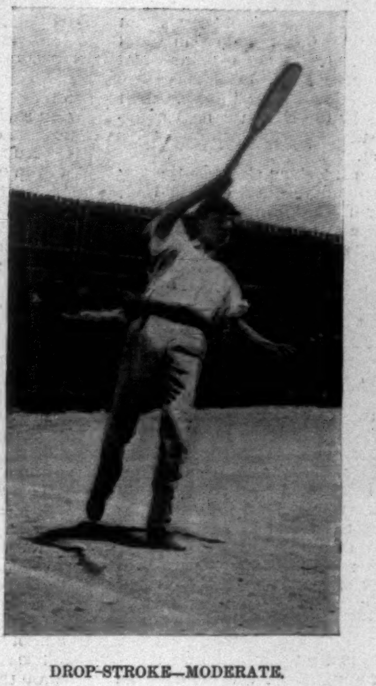
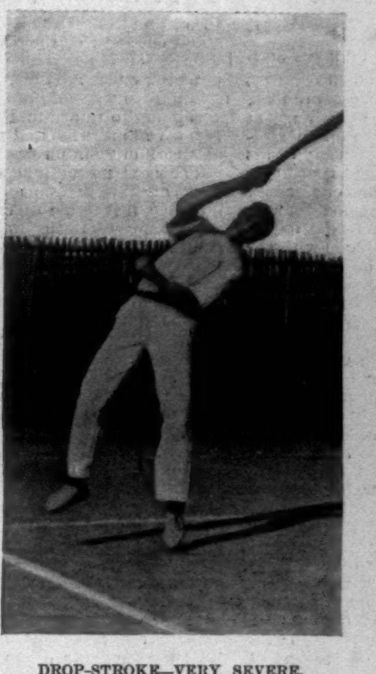


THE "LAWFORD" STROKE.



DROP-STROKE—MODERATE.



DROP-STROKE—VERY SEVERE.

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AMATEUR SPORT

RECENT AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT OF LAWN-TENNIS.

BY J. PARMLY PARET.

MODERN lawn-tennis is not the game it was ten years ago. Because a few of the same players are still near the top of the American lists who were there then does not prove the contrary. A few of the older experts who have kept pace with the yearly improvement in tennis skill are still among the leaders, to be sure; but, on the other hand, many who were among the best in days gone by are now outclassed. Experienced players should be as capable of learning new points of play and of improving their style as the younger men; hence their keeping at the top of the lists despite the physical advantages of youth.

There are very few sports which entail the physical strain involved in a hard tennis match. In boxing, wrestling, and perhaps football, where the players come in bodily contact one with another, the exertion is perhaps greater, but in no other sport is it more severe. One rows a race of never more than twenty odd minutes; the longest bicycling or running races seldom occupy over half an hour; while in lacrosse, baseball, cricket, and other kindred field-sports a majority of the players are idle most of the time. In tennis there is a steady and evenly distributed strain for the entire length of the match, and many matches frequently last over three hours.

In the recent evolution of the sport the development of "strokes" has been one of the most important features. The game is made up largely of these strokes, and superior command of one or another of them has more than once carried its possessor to the top among his contemporaries, though the present ideal is admitted to be the player who is most evenly developed and commands the greatest number of plays with equal power. At one stage or another in the history of the game undue prominence has been given to many of these strokes, but their increasing power has always been met by newer methods, and only once has legislation, by revision of the playing rules, been necessary to curb special styles of play. When Ex-Champion Campbell was on the crest of the wave of American success an attempt was made to stop his method of getting to the net after each service in order to volley the first return, but the amended law for the server's position had little or no effect upon his play, and he was only beaten by faster ground-strokes and more accurate "passing."

Of all the strokes of tennis history that of which most is heard and least is known, is the "Lawford" stroke. This name is still bandied about by a host of young American players, who have created a meaning of their own for the term. Henry F. Lawford, its originator, was ranked second only to William Renshaw ten years ago in England, and he developed a peculiar stroke to which he owed most of his success. This Lawford stroke was played only forehanded and off the ground, and was made by drawing the racket upward so quickly as it came in contact with the ball that the latter received a very sharp twist, and revolved rapidly in its flight through the air. On the same principle that causes a spinning baseball to curve in the air—that of greater friction and consequently greater resistance on one side of the ball than the other—this twist caused the ball to drop quickly after some of its force had been spent, and to "shoot" from the ground when it struck, much as a billiard-ball shoots from a cushion after receiving "English" from the cue. Lawford's racket, held with a stiff wrist, was swung almost entirely from the elbow, and the greater range necessary to get the power was furnished by a quick jump into the air, upward and forward. The ball travelled faster than from any other stroke that had yet been seen, and it was very difficult to return from the bound. It was this stroke that taught the British players to volley, and volleying has since become one of the most important features of the game.

The average American player imagines every underhand ground-stroke on the forehand side to be a "Lawford," and promptly calls it so, to the intense disgust of his better-informed neighbor—if, perchance, his neighbor is better informed, which is very doubtful. The popular American impression to the contrary notwithstanding, no one has ever been able to play the stroke but its originator. Lawford has had hosts of imitators, but none has succeeded in completely mastering his stroke, and it is quite probable that modern experts would drop it again if they ever should, for recent methods have rendered it rather antiquated. What has taken its place is somewhat similar in so far as it is a "drop" stroke made off the ground, and this is one of the most valuable plays of to-day, and that most commonly mistaken for the Lawford.

It differs from the older stroke chiefly in the use of the shoulder and wrist. Both of these joints are brought into play, and do away with the necessity of jumping off the ground at each stroke, thus reducing its physical severity. The ball does not travel so fast, and drops sooner after crossing the net, striking the ground further from the base-line, and being less difficult to return. Properly played, the drop-stroke carries quite as much twist, and drops as sharply as that played by Lawford. Science has shown in many ways—in the rifling of cannon perhaps as forcibly as in any other—that a round body will fly through the air straighter and swifter if revolving on its own axis, and this theory is in marked evidence in lawn-tennis. Almost all tennis strokes give a twist to the ball, and little speed can be had without it.

Parker, the inter-scholastic champion for 1894, and one of the "upper ten" men of that season, came nearer reaching the original Lawford stroke than any other player I have seen. He modified his play in his most successful year, but in his early matches he used a stroke that had many points of similarity to that of the great English player. In an instantaneous photograph taken of Parker at the end of one of these terrific strokes, the severity of that style of play is shown by the distortion of the body and arm through which he passed in making each stroke. In concentrating his entire weight into the play he bent his body backward and jumped into the air. The racket travelled forward until the ball was struck at the height of the waist, and was then drawn suddenly upward with such a sharp jerk that it gave the twist which made the ball drop more rapidly than the most skilful baseball player has ever been able to imitate in a pitched ball. The racket swung up over the player's shoulder and was checked there. Instantaneous photographs of Lawford show very similar positions, although with less bending of the body.

The chief fault of this stroke is that its severity throws the player off his balance so much that it is very difficult to recover in time for the next play. Too much strength is also wasted on a stroke that may be easily returned if the opponent is familiar with its eccentricity of bound, or is able to reach it at the net. It can only be used successfully from a high bound, too. What has taken its place, both with Parker and with other American players, is a full-arm stroke that permits less waste of strength and more control. Gradual development and long experience have shown this stroke to be more economical and more controllable than the Lawford. It has been found to be of greater practical value, and is quite extensively used.

The power of a lawn-tennis stroke depends largely on the accumulated energy gathered in the racket when it strikes the ball. Evidence the lack of force in a blow with only half the swing, though all the usual strength is behind the racket. The ball will not travel so fast as though more play and less strength were used. It is just here that beginners fail to grasp the method of a successful stroke. Contrary to popular impression, it does not depend at all on strength. I have seen boys with the thinnest and weakest-looking arms and shoulders develop more speed than your powerful giants who strike the ball with all their strength.

The most successful stroke—considered only as a stroke—yet developed possesses all the peculiarities of the snapping of a whip. Long experience has shown this to be the best method of accumulating power from the swing of a racket. Snap a whip with only the slightest swing of the handle, and the lash will have plenty of energy when it strikes. One might imagine that the racket was simply hung on a triple-jointed rod, with pivots in the shoulder, elbow, and wrist, when this stroke is being made. The wrist makes the "snap," and, like the lash of a whip, the racket meets the ball with a quick, sharp blow that gives more speed than twice the muscular power applied with a stiff arm. But this jointed motion would be a jerky swing were it not for the poise of the body. The balance is thrown forward quickly as the racket starts and adds the value of its own momentum a hundredfold to the force of the blow. As the snap ends the stroke the balance is checked with the forward foot—always the left for forehand play—and the racket, as it swings up over the shoulder, helps the player to recover his balance for the next stroke.

I have dwelt at some length on this stroke chiefly because it is the most successful ever used in America. It is the most brilliant too, and at times is little short of invincible, but the delicacy required to "bring it off" makes it very uncertain, and accounts for the unsteadiness of its devotees. Hobart, in whose strokes the snap of the wrist is the most marked, has shown remarkable skill at times, but the slightest indisposition upsets the delicate mechanism necessary to control the stroke. The play of Larned, whose strokes have much the same style, has also been seriously affected by "off days." The handicap of this inequality of play was never shown more conclusively than when the British players Goodbody, Pim, and Mahoney beat one after another of our American idols by simple steadiness.

Lawn-tennis history has shown that men of a single style of play have always found their match, and even development wins in the long run. Lawford's wonderful stroke was really the foundation—or perhaps I should say the beginning—of the modern principles of scientific tennis. For a short time these fast ground-strokes seemed invincible, and imitators sprang up on all sides in their efforts to out-Lawford Lawford. But Renshaw was the first to beat the great ground-stroke player by other methods, and it was he who invented systematic net play—that is, the system of volleying to prevent being beaten down by the sheer force of fast ground-strokes. With the advent of net-players, skill at "passing" developed rapidly, for it required accuracy of placing to make a net position tenable. Mere speed could not win. Then came Campbell, our American champion. He carried net play so far as to rush to the front of his court at every opening, and even followed up his service by running to the net. For several years he did not meet a man who could stop these tactics. His success might have produced an endless crop of imitators too, had not this distorted style of play been promptly beaten when Campbell went abroad in 1890.

Both ground-strokes and volleying have had their day, and even development is now the winning game. At Newport, two seasons ago, Hovey defeated, on successive days and in successive sets, Neel, Larned, and Wrenn, three of our strongest men, and three who are types of as many distinct styles of play. Neel, Campbell's successor as an exclusive net-player; Larned, the stroke-player *par excellence;* and Wrenn, whose chief skill lies in his boundless persistence, his strategy, and his superior head-work—were all defeated in turn, and Hovey's all-round development placed him at the top of the heap. His success demonstrated beyond dispute the fact that a judicious combination of many plays is better tennis than marked superiority in any two, or even three. Had his lack of practice last season not developed so largely the drawback of unsteadiness, he might, and probably would, still be champion of America.

Now one word more about one-sided development before the subject is dropped. A new danger threatens the game in the recent increase in lobbing. Several of our most expert players, notably Chace and Foote, have developed this stroke in marked disproportion to the rest of their skill. The constant use of the lob robs the game of its strongest points. Its user's tactics are purely defensive, and any victories it may win are invariably due to opponents' errors. The highest skill in lawn-tennis, too, lies in the ability to "cover court," and this is made unnecessary by constant lobbing. Nothing but defence to be considered, it is only necessary to hover about the base-line, and return everything with the same stroke. But if one wants to win by his own skill rather than his opponent's errors, he must become aggressive in play as well as defensive.

If the increased lobbing continue, it will soon be an easy matter completely to offset any hard-earned advantage in position by a lob. Such play robs tennis of its most attractive points, and should be prevented before it goes too far. A widening of the double court to thirty-nine or forty feet, by increasing the width of the "alleys," would probably be the best remedy for the threatened evil.

SOME TYPES OF KENTUCKY SADDLE-HORSES.

I SPENT two months in Kentucky lately with the view of seeing the Kentucky saddle-horse in his own country, and the present paper gives the result of my observations. By the term "Kentucky saddle-horse" is usually meant the Denmark horse (the descendant of the famous Denmark, a thoroughbred foaled in 1839, and of many of his progeny that have borne the same name), and that horse still holds a very important place among Kentucky horses. It is, however, I think, not widely understood to how great a degree the horse now trained for saddle use in Kentucky is a mixture of various strains of blood with the Denmark stock, and especially how much he usually has of trotting blood. Most of the horses I shall here refer to are a mixture of the Denmark strain with trotting stock.

Of the Denmark horse there has been started within a few years an official register. This horse has great merits and some faults. The faults of the animal are due to the fact that in the breeding of him the Kentuckians have gone in for beauty, which they have believed to be the same thing as smoothness. The result is that they have bred the withers off of many of the horses. I know that they will deny this; they will tell you that the withers do not show because Kentucky horses are fat; that if their horses were as thin as horses elsewhere are they would show the same frame. I cannot, however, agree with this opinion. You see a great many withers that are unquestionably flat and thick. With withers of this kind there frequently go a straight shoulder, and a neck, often short, that runs out and then up like that of a goose. With the straight shoulder there is usually combined a want of knee action. The beautiful Black Squirrel, a very favorite Kentucky stallion, is a type of the best of these horses. Kentuckians think this type very beautiful; they hold, indeed, that this is the most beautiful of all horses. You who prefer the straight lines of an English hunter, and to whom that softness, that look of a gelatine roller, which many Kentucky horses have, is not pleasant, may not agree with them. But you have not seen the Kentucky horse under the right conditions. When the animal is brought from the stall into the paddock, held on to by the colored attendant, soft and pampered with high feeding, brilliant with the best of care and grooming, and rank with life and fine blood, it is impossible to deny that he is handsome. As for those soft outlines which you dislike, a thoroughbred when fat has the same.

The Kentuckians have bred for beauty and charm, and they have got them. There is a charm about the Kentucky horse that perhaps no other American horse has. No other animals I have met in the country exist in the memory with quite the fascination of certain horses I have seen in Kentucky. There was, for instance, a few miles from Lexington, a roan gelding that had this fascination to a high deg[illegible] He had the graceful Kentucky characteristics—and ye[illegible] with a difference. His beauty appeared particularly i[illegible] shape of the rump and in the carriage of the tail. [illegible]e was an exquisite trick in the conformation of the quarters. "Charming and very Kentucky," you said, as you looked at them, and yet you felt you had never seen quite that before. It was perhaps a bold flight nearer the Kentucky ideal than you had seen. This quality of the figure was certainly due to an infusion of the Denmark grace. The tail was the other chief beauty. There was an airy grace in the carriage of it which reminded you of the fortunate work of some architect of genius. "What have you done to him?" I said, referring to the graceful lightness with which the tail was held. "Nothing," said the farmer; "as you drive out of the gate you will see his old dam in the pasture to the left, and you will see that she carries just the same tail that he does." I did look at the mare on the way out, and it was so. This carriage of the tail is also a Denmark characteristic. It is said, by-the-way, that this tail has been transmitted to the Kentucky horse from the Arab progenitor of the English thoroughbred, and that the trait is due to the fact that the hair was not allowed to grow upon the tail of an Arab till he was five years old; the custom of keeping the tail shaved, observed through many generations, made it thus light and easily held up.

The finest animal I saw in the State was in Bourbon County (Kentuckians call it "Burbon"). One rather chilly April afternoon, at the Bourbon House in Paris, Kentucky, I was sitting by the stove, and got into conversation with a modest and trustworthy-looking farmer. He said he lived some fifteen miles back in the country, that he had some horses, and that his neighbors had some good ones. I might, he said, drive out with him and spend the night and see his horses, and he would then take me to see those of his neighbors. A Kentuckian is always ready to do this. This accommodating spirit is very characteristic of the country. I have been in regions outside of Kentucky where the people were not so willing to give their neighbors a chance to compete with themselves. But a Kentuckian who has shown you his horses will almost certainly say, "If you don't fancy what I have, my neighbor has a brown gelding that is very nice; and Tom Saunders, who lives five miles south of here, has a very good mare." Not only will he do this, but he will hitch up and take you to see these horses. On the road he will think of others, or will learn about them. A neighbor is met on the turnpike driving a pacing stallion, a famous performer, of which you are given an interesting account. Of this neighbor he asks, "Has Saunders sold his mare?" "I don't know," is the answer; "but Jim Rogers has a bay that is mighty near a good actor." Then a détour of two miles to the left to see Jim Rogers. These wanderings are very pleasant.

Accordingly, I got with my new acquaintance into his cart—one of those two-wheeled vehicles which you enter from behind, and which are much easier to get into than out of. The road lay through a fine region of rolling pasture-lands, and among frequent plantations of oak and hickory, which were also pasture, the stems of the leafless trees standing rather sparsely in the blue-grass, which had got bright with the first really effective heats of April, and spread all round us a carpet of novel verdure. Until one has got used to it, being driven about in this way affects one with a torpor which is not disagreeable; and in such a state of mind I heard from my companion a series of discourses upon certain horses and horsemen of the neighborhood. Our road brought us to a country which had a very attractive air of quiet and seclusion, and of separation from the noisy places of the world. It was not a new country; on the contrary, it was an old country and village—an old neighborhood, indeed, but a remote and peaceful one. At the post-office I was introduced to a young man who told me that he had a good horse. As I was going to return to Paris by the stage the next morning, it was arranged that he should meet me with the horse at a certain point on the road.

The next morning at seven the stage started—the day very sunshiny, and the air fresh and balmy. (By-the-way, how easy it is to get up early if other people do, and what an amount of freshness there is in bright sunlight, the fragrant air, and the long shadows! Thus half past six is the common hour for breakfast at taverns in Kentucky, and a man who has had this meal in New York at eight or nine will find himself in Kentucky coming down at 6.30 and complaining that breakfast is late; it takes less than a week to effect this transformation.) On this morning I was the only occupant of the stage. On the way I met children going to school, the boys and girls often riding the Shetland ponies which in these parts are kept to carry the children to school. They appeared a singularly thriving, healthy, and happy young population. At the bottom of a little green glade I met a boy on one of these ponies, with his slate and books swung over his shoulder by a strap—a very sturdy figure of a boy. With his ruddy and jolly countenance, I thought he could give points to the "shining morning face" of the poet we all remember. That boy crept "unwillingly" to school; but this one forged ahead on his vigorous little climber of hills as if he were eager to get there and was expecting a lot of fun, greeting me as he passed with a shout of irrepressible joviality. The driver presently stopped at a cross-roads, saying, "Here's where Mr. Jones was to meet you with his horse." Just at that moment there appeared on the brow of the hill, fifty yards away, what seemed to me the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. The rider was trying to get him past a pile of stones, and the animated attitude of the horse, as he appeared on the crest of the hill, showed off his figure to advantage. He was in a moment by the side of the stage, and grew finer the more he was looked at. If he had a fault it was in the color, which was a strawberry roan; and yet this rather florid and decorative hue seemed to suit the animal's splendor of form. You saw at once a fine eye, a mettlesome attitude, very high-strung and sensitive nerves, and a look of invincible hauteur, which impressed you with a sense that it was an indignity to bridle and saddle such a creature. He was about the right height and weight. The graceful form was associated with plenty of strength and substance—very round and smooth, but without the extreme Kentucky softness. When he moved I thought him still more beautiful, his action was so stately and splendid—no educated action, but the real thing. He had luckily been taught no Kentucky gaits. I got on him and put him into a slow trot, when my delight was greater than ever. His step was very square and deliberate, and he moved with a pomp and dignity which had a most lively effect upon the mind. The beautiful head I saw before me and its spirited carriage were no doubt part of the effect. The stately action made me think of a royal progress. This horse was afterwards brought to New York and took a prize at the Horse Show. When I saw him there he had changed somewhat in outline, as will sometimes happen at his age (he was four when I saw him in Kentucky). He was still fine, of course, but had lost something of the sumptuous fulness which he had when I first looked at him. That may have been because he was not in his finest form. Then it should be said that I did not see him in New York with the accompaniments of early morning balm and sunlight and the first awakening of the shrubbery in the spring-time—conditions which will have their influence upon the most sober judgment. He fetched a great price, and the purchaser cut off his tail. I have not time now to speak of the subject of long and short tails; but it will be admitted, even by those who dock cobs and hackneys, that the horse of poetry—such a horse as this, for instance, which, it seemed to me, might have been some Thessalian courser of the Vale of Tempe—should not have a docked tail.

There are certain horses in Kentucky that are as well known to the community as the public men of the State. The qualities of a bay horse in Versailles, of which I saw a good deal, were known far and wide. When they speak in Kentucky of the "qualities" of a horse, they mean good temper, kindness, and the like. This horse had had the advantage of a good education. There is a grocer in that pretty little town who has great skill in training horses, who makes a very careful selection of the horses he is to educate, has never more than two at a time, and on these bestows an infinity of pains. These horses he succeeds in making very human. The first thing I heard of the little bay that attracted me was that he would come up stairs and look out of the window. This horse had four white stockings up to his knees, which will prejudice him with some persons; but these stockings added an inch to his apparent height, and his spirited carriage of the head gave him another inch. He had been taught all the gaits; but this had been done without in the least spoiling the squareness of his trot. I sent him to a friend in New York. In the trot his feet strike the ground in perfect time and with steps like clock-work; his movement is like the throbbing of a rich and strong heart; as you rise and fall it warms the blood with a delightful glow. You really share his youth and life. There is, indeed, when you are mounted upon a horse that has vitality and heat enough for himself and you too, a kind of transfusion of blood—a truth which has perhaps afforded the basis for the beautiful idea of the centaur. This bay came from Woodford County, of which Versailles is the county-seat, and which is a home of good horses. Perhaps no part of the State has the characteristic Kentucky charms and beauties to quite the same degree as Woodford County. At a delightful house near Versailles where I staid my hostess told me that Henry Clay used often to visit them, and that he used to say that if the blue-grass region of Kentucky was the garden spot of the world, Woodford County was the asparagus-bed of this garden.

A word may be said upon the color of Kentucky horses. The eye is much impressed with the prevalence of bay in that region. There has been a good deal of breeding for it. I think there is too much bay; in time one gets rather tired of it. But you will see now and then, on some animal otherwise very fine, a shade of bay which strikes you as not at all the same thing as the tame hue so common in the country—a solid mass of deep and glorious red, worn usually by some large animal that can show a lot of it. You say, "This is not a bay horse; I never saw this before." The animal is best seen in the stable-yard on a spring morning, when the sun with his creative heat has warmed him and the stable-boys and the fleas into new life. And he should be unclipped. The long fresh coat of a deep wine-color then looks like some rich fur. There are a good many black horses. Black, they say, is not a color at all. That may be the view of science, but it is not the testimony of the eye. To the eye no bay horse is so red nor white horse so white as a black horse is black. This is particularly so if you get him of that dull charcoal, so rich and sooty, from which every reflection or suggestion of light has been lost, and which is indeed the color of the primeval blackness. The various shades of chestnut exist there in about the same proportions as elsewhere. But of gray, on the other hand, a color which I may be allowed to say I am fond of, you see perhaps less in Kentucky than elsewhere. An effort has been made by breeders to avoid it. I was told some curious things about gray horses by Major T——, an old gentleman who is one of the first breeders of thoroughbreds in the State. He thinks the time is coming when there will be no more gray horses left in the world. He says that you can get a bay, black, or chestnut from parents of any color, but that a gray colt must always have a gray sire or dam. He argues that it follows that gray once lost could never be regained. It is true, I believe, that among thoroughbreds gray has been nearly bred out. The major's forecast impressed me as a sad one.

Both the bay and the strawberry roan were in part trotting-bred horses. I may here say that there is more beauty than formerly among Kentucky trotters and more variety. You see trotters of all kinds. There are trotters of a very thoroughbred look. There are also, as offshoots of this stock, varieties of a kind you do not expect to find in Kentucky. I saw, for instance, in Lexington, an admirable pattern of a hunter. Being a few weeks afterwards in the southern part of the State, I chanced to meet the people who had raised him, and they told me that he was of nearly pure trotting blood. There are other unexpected types to be met with. You do not, for instance, expect to find cobs in Kentucky; but as good patterns of these scarce animals are to be found there as anywhere, although of course there are not so many of them as there are in Canada and the West. And when you do find a cob in Kentucky, you are apt to find along with him that speed and "get-away" which is a Kentucky virtue, and which is so hard to find in animals of this class, and without which no perfection of shape is of much account. The Kentucky cobs are mostly of trotting blood. It is from these varieties of the improved trotter that many of the best Kentucky saddle-horses come, and trotting blood enters largely into nearly all of them.

One great advantage of this infusion of trotting blood is that it gives manners and sweetness of temper, that most necessary of all qualities in a saddle-horse. There is no doubt of the superior docility and companionability of the trotter. One chief reason for this is, I suppose, that trotters are more handled than other horses. It is association with man that gives a horse that humanized expression, such as a good dog has; and for this reason you are especially apt to find it in trotters. There are certain characteristics, I may add, which the human horses are apt to have. A horse with this sort of disposition, I have observed, is likely to show in his face an expression of melancholy; and in high-bred horses this expression becomes very refined. I think you will also feel, when you come to know such a horse well, that his mind is very transparent, is less opaque than that of other horses.

Perhaps I cannot better illustrate what has been said about recent tendencies and results in breeding horses in Kentucky than by a reference to Lou Chief, in recent years perhaps the most celebrated Kentucky horse of her class. She is of mixed saddle and trotting blood, her sire being Harrison Chief, and her dam a Denmark horse. She does all the gaits perfectly. She will rack in one direction, and will turn round and trot in the other as square as can be. She has trotted in 2.36. She has a fine and high action. I have seen her in the Kentucky pasture, stepping round the meadow with a grand, elastic movement, head up, and mane waving to the wind. As is usual with the modern Kentucky animal, she is a combination horse, and is as fine in harness as under the saddle. She is a very interesting horse to drive. The driver has this advantage over the rider: if he does not feel the horse as much, he sees him more. If you are not in the mood for the saddle, or do not feel strong enough for it, if you are in a state of mind receptive rather than active, it is a real pleasure, of the passive kind, to hold the reins behind such a horse as Lou Chief—to mark the fine action and the abundant power of the animal, to sit with your eye riveted upon the wide flat loin, which, with its calm strength, is the image of all that you at such a moment feel yourself not to be. Lou Chief has inherited from her sire that measured movement, like clock-work, which belongs to our trotters—the quarters carried steadily, the stroke of the hind feet telling off spaces of even length with a mechanical regularity which suggests that this sustained action need not come to an end at all. Lou Chief took the first prize in her class at the New York Horse Show. She had before this brought $2500 in Kentucky, notwithstanding the fact that she has a Roman nose and scarcely a first-rate tail—a good price for a horse to fetch without regard to pedigree or record, but simply on what she could look and "do"—to use this little verb in its peculiar Kentucky signification. I say she has not a first-rate tail. Her tail has been nicked, and although you may get the right kind of an arch by that treatment, a nicked tail has never, I think, quite that aerial grace to be noticed in such a miracle of nature's architecture as the tail of the incomparable roan gelding before mentioned. The tail, however, has since been taken off. That she should have fetched such a price in spite of these disadvantages shows that a fine horse is still a valuable piece of property. It takes but little acquaintance with the regions in which horses are bred to convince one that this is so. From my travels in Kentucky, Virginia, Canada, and other horse-growing countries, I am well aware that it is much more difficult to find good horses than it is to get purchasers for them after they have been found.

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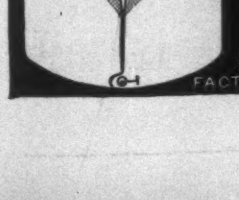

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